PSALMS

AND

HYMNS.

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PSALMS.

1.

BLESSED | is—the | man
That walketh not in the | counsel—of | the—
un | godly,
Nor standeth in the | way—of | sinners;
Nor sitteth | in—the | seat of—the | scornful:

But | his—de | light
Is | in—the | law of—the | Lord;
And | in—his | law
Doth he | medi—tate | day—and | night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the |
rivers—of | water,
That bringeth | forth—his | fruit—in his | season;
His leaf also | shall—not | wither;
And whatso | ever—he | doeth—shall | prosper.

The ungodly | are—not | so:
But are like the chaff which the | wi—nd |
driveth—a | way.
Therefore the ungodly shall not | stand—in the
| judgment,
Nor sinners in the congre | ga—tion | of—the |
righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the | way of—the |
righteous;
But the way of | the—un | godly—shall | perish.

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2.

HEAR me | when—I | call,
O | God—of my | right—eous | ness:
Thou hast enlarged me when I was | in—dis | tress;
Have mercy up | on me,—and | hear—my | prayer.

O ye | sons—of | men,
How long will ye turn my | glo—ry | in—to | shame?
How long will | ye—love | vanity,
And | se—ek | af—ter | leasing.

But know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly | for—him | self:
The Lord will | hear—when I | call—unto | him.
Stand in | awe—and | sin not:
Commune with your own heart upon your | be—d, | and—be | still.

Offer the sacrifices of | right—eous | ness,
And put your | tru—st | in—the | Lord.
There be | many—that | say,
Who will | show—us | a—ny | good?

Lord, | lift—thou | up
The | light of—thy | countenance—up | on us.
Thou hast put gladness | in—my | heart,
More than in the time that their | corn—and their | wine—in | creased.

I will both lay me down in | peace—and | sleep:
For thou, Lord, only | makest—me | dwell—in | safety.

3.

O LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy name
in | all—the | earth!
Who hast set thy | glory—a | bove—the | heavens.
Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast
thou ordained strength be | cause of—thine |
enemies,
That thou mightest still the | ene—my | and—
the a | venger.

When I consider thy heavens, the | work of—
thy | fingers,
The moon and the | stars—which | thou hast—
or | dained.
What is man, that thou art | mindful—of | him?
And the son of | man, that—thou | visit—est |
him?

For thou hast made him a little lower | than—
the | angels,
And hast crowned | him—with | glory—and |
honour.
Thou madest him to have dominion over the |
works of—thy | hands;
Thou hast *put* | all—things | under—his | feet:

All | sheep—and | oxen,
Yea, | and—the | beasts of—the | field;
The fowl of the air, and the | fish of—the | sea,
And whatsoever passeth | through—the | paths of
—the | seas.

O | Lord—our | Lord,
How excellent is thy | name—in | all—the |
earth!

4.

PRE*SERVE* | me,—O | God:
For in | thee—do I | put—my | trust.
O my soul, thou hast said unto the *Lord*, | Thou art—my | Lord:
My goodness ex | tend—eth | not—to | thee;

But to the saints that are | in—the | earth,
And to the excellent, in | whom—is | all—my de | light.
Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after an | o—ther | god:
Their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take up their | names—in | to my | lips.

The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance | and of—my | cup:
Thou | mai—n | tainest—my | lot.
The lines are fallen unto me in | pleas—ant | places;
Yea, I | have—a | good—ly | heritage.

I will bless the Lord, who hath | given—me | counsel:
My reins also in | struct—me | in the—night | seasons.
I have set the *Lord* | always—be | fore me:
Because he is at my right | hand,—I | shall not—be | moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my | glory—re | joiceth:
My *flesh* | also—shall | rest—in | hope.
For thou wilt not leave my | soul—in | hell;
Neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy | One—to | see—cor | ruption.

Thou wilt show me the | path—of | life:
In thy | presence—is | fulness—of | joy;
At | thy—right | hand
There are | pleasures—for | ev—er | more.

5.

THE Lord is my shepherd; I | shall—not | want.
He maketh me to | lie—down | in—green | pastures:
He leadeth me beside the | sti—ll | waters.
He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of | righteous—ness | for—his | name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the | shadow—of | death,
I | —will | fear—no | evil:
For | thou—art | with me;
Thy | rod and—thy | staff—they | comfort me.

Thou preparest a | table—be | fore me
In the | pre—sence | of—mine | enemies:
Thou anointest my | head—with | oil;
My | cu—p | run—neth | over.

Surely | goodness—and | mercy
Shall follow *me* | all—the | days of—my | life:
And | I—will | dwell
In the | house—of the | Lord—for | ever.

6.

THE heavens declare the | glory—of | God;
And the firma*ment* | showeth—his | han—dy | work.
Day unto *day* | utter—eth | speech,
And night unto | ni—ght | show—eth | knowledge.

There is no | speech—nor | language,
Where their | voi—ce | is—not | heard.
Their line is gone out through | all—the | earth,
And their | words—to the | end of—the | world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle | for—the | sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a *strong* | man—to | run—a | race.
His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the | e—nds | of it;
And there is nothing | hid—from the | heat—there | of.

The law of the Lord is perfect, con | verting—the | soul:
The testimony of the Lord is | sure,—making | wise—the | simple.
The statutes of the Lord are right, re | joicing—the | heart:
The commandment of the Lord is | pure—en | lightening—the | eyes:

The fear of the Lord is clean, en | during—for | ever :
The judgments of the Lord are true and | right—eous | al—to | gether :
More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than | much—fine | gold ;
Sweeter also than | ho—ney | and—the | honey-comb.

Moreover by them is thy | ser—vant | warned :
And in keeping of them | there—is | great—re | ward :
Who can under | stand—his | errors ?
Cleanse thou | me—from | se—cret | faults.

Keep back thy servant also from pre | sump—tuous | sins ;
Let them not have do | min—ion | ov—er | me :
Then shall | I—be | upright,
And I shall be inno*cent* | from—the | great—trans | gression.

Let the | words of—my | mouth,
And the medi | ta—tion | of—my | heart,
Be accept*able* | in—thy | sight,
O Lord, my | strength,—and | my—re | deemer.

7.

UNTO | thee,—O | Lord,
Do | I—lift | up—my | soul.
O my God, I | trust—in | thee;
Let me not be ashamed, let not mine enemies | tri—umph | o—ver | me.

Yea, let none that wait on *thee* | be—a | shamed;
Let them be ashamed | which—trans | gress —without | cause.
Show me thy | ways,—O | Lord;
Tea | —ch | me—thy | paths.

Lead me in thy | truth,—and | teach me:
For thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I | wai—t | all—the | day.
Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy | lov—ing | kindnesses;
For | they have—been | ever—of | old.

Remember not the sins of my youth, nor | my—trans | gressions:
According to thy mercy remember thou me for thy | good—ness' | sake,—O | Lord.
Good and upright | is—the | Lord:
Therefore will he *teach* | sin—ners | in—the | way.

The meek will he | guide—in | judgment:
And the | meek—will he | teach—his | way.
All the paths of the Lord are | mercy—and | truth
Unto such as keep his | coven—ant | and—his | testimonies.

For thy | name's sake,—O | Lord,
Pardon mine in | iqui—ty ; | for it—is | great.
What man is he that | feareth—the | Lord ?
Him shall he teach in the | way—that | he—
shall | choose.

His soul shall | dwell—at | ease ;
And his | seed—shall in | herit—the | earth.
The secret of the Lord is with | them—that |
fear him ;
And | he—will | show them—his | covenant.

Mine eyes are ever | toward—the | Lord ;
For he shall pluck my | fe—et | out of—the | net.
Turn thee unto me, and have | mercy—up | on me:
For I am | deso—late | and—af | flicted.

The troubles of my *heart* | are—en | larged :
O bring thou | me—out of | my—dis | tresses.
Look upon mine affliction | and—my | pain ;
And for | gi—ve | all—my | sins.

Consider mine enemies ; for | they—are | many ;
And they | hate me—with | cru—el | hatred.
O keep my *soul*, | and—de | liver me :
Let me not be ashamed ; for I | put—my |
trust—in | thee.

Let integrity and upright | ness—pre | serve me ;
For | I | wait—on | thee.
Redeem | Israel,—O | God,
Ou | t—of | all—his | troubles.

8.

THE earth is the Lord's, and the | fulness—
there | of;
The world, and | they—that | dwell—there | in:
For he hath founded it up | on—the | seas,
And established | it—up | on—the | floods.

Who shall ascend into the | hill of—the | Lord?
Or who shall | stand—in his | ho—ly | place?
He that hath clean hands, and a | pu—re | heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto | vanity,—
nor | sworn—de | ceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing | from—the | Lord,
And righteousness from the | God—of | his—
sal | vation.
This is the generation of | them—that | seek him,
That | seek—thy | face,—O | Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift
up, ye ever | last—ing | doors;
And the King of | glo—ry | shall—come | in.
Who is this | King—of | glory?
The Lord strong and mighty, the | Lo—rd |
mighty—in | battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them
up, ye ever | last—ing | doors;
And the King of | glo—ry | shall—come | in.
Who is this | King—of | glory?
The Lord of hosts, he | is—the | King—of |
glory.

9.

I WILL ex*tol* | thee,—O | Lord;
For thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made
my | foes—to re | joi—ce | over me.
O Lord my God, I cried | un—to | thee,
And | thou—hast | heal—ed | me.

O Lord, thou hast brought up my | soul—
from the | grave:
Thou hast kept me alive, that I | should not—
go | down—to the | pit.
Sing unto the Lord, O ye | saints—of | his,
And give thanks at the re | mem—brance | of—
his | holiness.

For his anger endureth but a moment; in his |
favour—is | life:
Weeping may endure for a night, but *joy* |
com—eth | in—the | morning.
And in my prosperity I said, I shall | never—
be | moved.
Lord, by thy favour thou hast made my |
moun—tain | to—stand | strong:

Thou didst | hide—thy | face,
An | d—I | wa—s | troubled.
I cried to | thee,—O | Lord;
And unto the *Lord* | I—made | sup—pli |
cation.

What profit is there in my blood, when I go | down—to the | pit?
Shall the dust praise thee? shall | it—de | clare—thy | truth?
Hear, O Lord, and have | mercy—up | on me:
Lord | be— | thou—my | helper.

Thou hast turned for me my mourning | in—to | dancing:
Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and | gird—ed | me—with | gladness.
To the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and | not—be | silent.
O Lord my God, I will give | thanks—unto | thee—for | ever.

10.

BLESSED is he whose transgression | is—for | given,
Whose | si—n | i—s | covered.
Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth | not—in | iquity,
And in whose | spirit—there | is—no | guile.

When | I—kept | silence,
My bones waxed old through my | roar—ing | all the—day | long.
For day and night thy hand was | heavy—up | on me:
My moisture is turned | into—the | drought—of | summer.

I acknowledged my | sin—unto | thee,
And mine in | iqui—ty | have I—not | hid.
I said, I will confess my transgressions | unto—
the | Lord;
And thou forgavest the in | iqui—ty | of—my |
sin.

For this shall every one that is godly pray unto
thee in a time when thou | mayest—be | found:
Surely in the floods of great waters they |
shall not—come | nigh—unto | him.
Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt pre*serve* |
me—from | trouble;
Thou shalt compass me about with | so—ngs |
of—de | liverance.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way
which | thou—shalt | go;
I will | guide—thee | with—mine | eye.
Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which
have | no—under | standing;
Whose mouth must be held in with bit and
bridle, lest they | come—near | un—to | thee.

Many sorrows shall | be to—the | wicked:
But he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall |
com—pass | him—a | bout.
Be glad in the Lord, and re | joice,—ye |
righteous:
And shout for joy, all | ye- · that are | upright—
in | heart.

11.

REJOICE in the *Lord*, | O—ye | righteous;
For praise is | come—ly | for—the | upright.
Praise the | Lord—with | harp:
Sing unto him with the psaltery and an | instru—ment | of—ten | strings.

Sing unto | him a—new | song;
Play | skilful—ly | with a—loud | noise.
For the word of the | Lord—is | right;
And all his | works—are | done—in | truth.

He loveth | righteousness—and | judgment:
The earth is full of the | good—ness | of—the | Lord.
By the word of the Lord were the | hea—vens | made;
And all the host of *them* | by—the | breath of—his | mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together | as—an | heap:
He layeth | up—the | depth—in | storehouses.
Let all the *earth* | fear—the | Lord;
Let all the inhabitants of the *world* | stand—in | awe—of | him.

For he spake, and | it—was | done;
He com | manded,—and | it—stood | fast.
The Lord bringeth the counsel of the | heathen—to | nought:
He maketh the devices of the | people—of | none—ef | fect.

The counsel of the *Lord* | standeth—for | ever,
The thoughts of his | heart—to | all—gener | ations.
Blessed is the nation whose | God—is the | Lord;
And the people whom he hath chosen | for—his | own—in | heritance.

The Lord looketh from heaven; he beholdeth all the | sons—of | men.
From the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the in | habi—tants | of—the | earth.
He fashioneth their | hearts—a | like;
He con | sider—eth | all—their | works.

There is no king saved by the multi*tude* | of—an | host:
A mighty man is not de | liver—ed | by—much | strength.
An horse is a *vain* | thing—for | safety:
Neither shall he deliver | any—by | his—great | strength.

Behold, the eye of the Lord is up*on* | them—that | fear him,
Up*on* | them—that | hope in—his | mercy;
To deliver their | soul—from | death,
And to | keep them—a | live—in | famine.

Our soul waiteth | for—the | Lord;
He is our | he—lp | and—our | shield.
For our heart shall re | joice—in | him,
Because we have trusted | in—his | ho—ly | name.

Let thy mercy, *O* | Lord,—be up | on us,
According | as—we | hope—in | thee.

12.

I WILL bless the | Lord—at | all times:
His praise shall con | tin—ually | be in—my | mouth.
My soul shall make her | boast—in the | Lord:
The humble shall | hear—thereof, | and—be | glad.

O magnify the | Lord—with | me,
And let us ex | alt—his | name—to | gether.
I sought the *Lord*, | and—he | heard me,
And delivered | me—from | all—my | fears.

They looked unto *him*, | and—were | lightened:
And their | faces—were | not—a | shamed.
This poor man cried, and the | Lo—rd | heard him,
And saved *him* | out—of | all—his | troubles.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round a*bout* | them—that | fear him,
An | d—de | livereth | them.
O taste and see that the | Lord—is | good:
Blessed is the | man—that | trusteth—in | him.

O fear the *Lord*, | ye—his | saints:
For there is no | want—to | them—that | fear him.
The young lions do lack, and | suf—fer | hunger:
But they that seek the *Lord* | shall not—want | any good | thing.

Come, ye children, hearken | un—to | me:
I will | teach—you the | fear of—the | Lord.
What man is he that de | sir—eth | life,
And loveth many | days,—that | he may—see | good?

Keep thy | tongue—from | evil,
And thy | lips—from | speak—ing | guile.
Depart from evil, | and—do | good;
Seek | pea—ce, | and—pur | sue it.

The eyes of the Lord are up | on—the | righteous,
And his ears are | op—en | unto—their | cry.
The face of the Lord is *against* | them that—do | evil,
To cut off the remembrance | of—them | from—the | earth.

The righteous cry, and the | Lo—rd | heareth,
And delivereth them | out—of | all—their | troubles.
The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a | bro—ken | heart;
And saveth such as | be—of a | con—trite | spirit.

Many are the afflictions | of—the | righteous;
But the Lord delivereth | hi—m | out of—them | all.
He keepeth | all—his | bones:
Not | one—of | them—is | broken.

Evil shall | slay—the | wicked:
And they that hate the | right—eous | shall—be | desolate.
The Lord redeemeth the | soul of—his | servants,
And none of them that | trust—in | him—shall be | desolate.

13.

THE transgression of the wicked saith with | in—my | heart,
That there is no fear of | God--be | fore—his | eyes.
For he flattereth himself in | his—own | eyes,
Until his iniquity be | fou—nd | to—be | hateful.

The words of his mouth are iniquity | and—de | ceit:
He hath left off to be | wi—se, | and to—do | good;
He deviseth mischief up | on—his | bed;
He setteth himself in a way that is not *good*: | he—ab | horreth—not | evil.

Thy mercy, O *Lord*, | is in—the | heavens,
And thy faithful*ness* | reach—eth | unto—the | clouds.
Thy righteousness is | like the—great | mountains;
Thy | judg—ments | are a—great | deep:

O Lord, thou preservest | man—and | beast.
How excellent is thy | lov—ing | kindness,—O | God!
Therefore the children of *men* | put—their | trust
Under the | sha—dow | of—thy | wings.

They shall be a | bundant--ly | satisfied
With the | fat—ness | of—thy | house;
And thou shalt | make—them | drink
Of the | riv—er | of—thy | pleasures.

For with thee is the | fountain—of | life:
In thy | light—shall | we—see | light.
O continue thy lovingkindness unto | them—
that | know thee;
And thy righteous*ness* | to—the | upright—
in | heart.

Let not the foot of *pride* | come—a | gainst me,
And let not the | hand—of the | wicked—re |
move me.
There are the workers of in | iqui—ty | fallen:
They are cast down, and | shall not—be |
able—to | rise.

14.

AS the hart panteth | after—the | water brooks,
So panteth my | soul—after | thee,—O | God.
My soul thirsteth for God, for the | liv—ing |
God:
When shall I come and ap | pear—be | fo—re |
God?

My tears have been my *meat* | day—and | night,
While they continually say unto | me,—
Where is | thy— | God?
When I re | member—these | things,
I | pour out—my | sou—l | in me:

For I had | gone with—the | multitude,
I went with them | to—the | house—of | God,
With the voice of | joy—and | praise,
With a multitude that | ke—pt | ho—ly | day.

Why art thou cast *down*, | O—my | soul?
And why art | thou—dis | quiet—ed | in me?
Hope | thou—in | God:
For I shall yet praise him | for—the | help of—
his | countenance.

O my God, my soul is *cast* | down—with | in me:
There | fore—will | I—re | member thee
From the land of Jordan, | and of—the | Hermonites,
Fr | om—the | hi—ll | Mizar.

Deep calleth | un—to | deep
At the | noi—se | of—thy | waterspouts:
All thy | waves and—thy | billows
Ar | e—gone | o—ver | me.

Yet the | Lord—will com | mand
His loving | kind—ness | in—the | daytime,
And in the night his | song—shall be | with me,
And my *prayer* | unto—the | God of—my | life.

I will say unto | God—my | rock,
Why hast | thou—for | got—ten | me?
Why | go—I | mourning
Because of the op | press—ion | of—the | enemy?

As with a | sword in—my | bones,
Mine | en—e | mies—re | proach me;
While they say daily | un—to | me,
Whe | —re | is—thy | God?

Why art thou cast *down* | O—my | soul?
And why art | thou—dis | quieted—with | in me?
Hope | thou—in | God:
For I shall yet praise him, who is the health of
my | counten—ance, | and—my | God.

15.

JUDGE | me,– O | God,
And plead my cause *against* | an—un | god—ly |
nation:
O de | liv—er | me
From the deceitful | an—d | un—just | man.

For thou art the | God of—my | strength:
Why | dost—thou | cast—me | off?
Why | go—I | mourning
Because of the op | press—ion | of—the | enemy.

O send out thy | light and—thy | truth:
Let | the—m | lea—d | me;
Let them bring me unto thy | ho—ly | hill,
And | to—thy | ta—ber | nacles.

Then will I go unto the | altar—of | God,
Unto | God—my ex | ceed—ing | joy:
Yea, up | on—the | harp
Will I *praise* | thee,—O | God—my | God.

Why art thou cast *down* | O—my | soul?
And why art | thou—dis | quieted—with | in me?
Ho | pe—in | God:
For I shall yet praise him, who is the health of
my | counten—ance, | and—my | God.

16.

I SAID I will take | heed to—my | ways,
That I | sin—not | with—my | tongue:
I will keep my | mouth—with a | bridle,
While the | wick—ed | is—be | fore me.

I was | dumb—with | silence,
I | he— | ld—my | peace,
Even | fro—m | good;
A | nd—my | sorrow—was | stirred.

My heart was | hot—with | in me,
Whi | —le | I—was | musing
The | fi—re | burned:
Then | spake—I | with—my | tongue,

Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my *days*, | what—it | is;
That I may | know—how | frail—I | am.
Behold thou hast made my | days—as an | handbreadth;
And mine | age—is as | nothing—be | fore thee;

Verily every man at his best state is | alto—gether | vanity.
Surely every *man* | walk—eth | in a—vain | show;
Surely they are dis | quieted—in | vain:
He heapeth up riches, and | knoweth—not | who—shall | gather them.

And now, Lord, what | wait—I | for?
My | ho—pe | is—in | thee.
Deliver me from | all my—trans | gressions:
Make me not the re | proa—ch | of—the | foolish.

I was dumb, I opened | not—my | mouth:
Be | cau—se | th—ou | didst it.
Remove thy stroke a | wa—y | from me:
I am consumed | by—the | blow of—thine | hand.

When | thou—with re | bukes
Dost cor | re—ct | man—for in | iquity,
Thou makest his beauty to consume a | way—like a | moth:
Surely | ever—y | man—is | vanity.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give *ear* | unto—my | cry;
Hold | not—thy | peace at—my | tears:
For I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my | fa—thers | were.
O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go | hence,—and | be—no | more.

17.

HAVE mercy up | on me,—O | God,
According | to—thy | lov—ing | kindness:
According unto the multitude of thy | ten—der | mercies
Blo | t—out | my—trans | gressions.

Wash me throughly from | mine—in | iquity,
And | cleanse—me | from—my | sin.
For I acknowledge | my—trans | gressions:
And my | sin—is | ever—be | fore me.

Against thee, thee only, | have—I | sinned,
And done this | e—vil | in—thy | sight:
That thou mightest be justified | when—thou | speakest,
And be | clea—r | when—thou | judgest.

Behold, I was | shapen—in in | iquity;
And in | sin—did my | mother—con | ceive me.
Behold, thou desirest truth in the | in—ward | parts:
And in the hidden part thou shalt | make—me to | kno—w | wisdom.

Purge me with hyssop, and | I—shall be | clean;
Wash me, and | I—shall be | whiter—than | snow.
Make me to hear | joy—and | gladness;
That the bones which thou hast | bro—ken | may—re | joice.

Hide thy | face from—my | sins,
And | blot—out | all—mine in | iquities.
Create in me a *clean* | heart,—O | God;
And re | new a—right | spirit—with | in me.

Cast me not a | way from—thy | presence;
And take not thy | ho—ly | Spi—rit | from me.
Restore unto me the joy of | thy—sal | vation;
And up*hold* | me—with | thy—free | Spirit.

Then will I teach trans | gressors—thy | ways;
And sinners shall be con | vert—ed | un—to | thee.
Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of | my—sal | vation.
And my tongue shall sing a | loud of—thy | right—eous | ness.

O Lord, open | thou—my | lips;
And my *mouth* | shall—show | forth—thy | praise.
For thou desirest not sacri*fice*; | else would—I | give it:
Thou de | lightest—not | in—burnt | offering.

The sacrifices of God are a | bro—ken | spirit:
A broken and a contrite heart, O | God,—thou | wilt not—des | pise.
Do good in thy good pleasure | un—to | Zion:
Build | thou—the | walls of—Je | rusalem.

Then shalt | thou—be | pleased
With the | sa—cri | fices—of | righteousness,
With burnt offering and | whole—burnt | offering;
Then shall they offer | bullocks—up | on—thy | altar.

18.

HEAR my | cry,—O | God;
At | te—nd | unto—my | prayer.
From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee,
when my heart is | o—ver | whelmed:
Lead me to the | rock—that is | higher—than | I.

For thou hast been a | shel—ter | for me,
And a *strong* | tow—er | from—the | enemy.
I will abide in thy tabernacle | fo—r | ever:
I will trust in the | co—vert | of—thy | wings.

For thou, O God, hast | heard—my | vows:
Thou hast given me the heritage of | those—
that | fear—thy | name.
Thou wilt prolong the | ki—ng's | life:
And his years as | ma—ny | ge—ne | rations.

He shall abide be*fore* | God—for | ever:
O prepare mercy and | truth,—which | may—
pre | serve him.
So will I sing praise unto thy | name—for | ever,
That I may | daily—per | form—my | vows.

19.

O GOD, thou art my God: early | will—I |
seek thee:
My | sou—l | thirst—eth | for thee:
My *flesh* | long—eth | for thee
In a dry and thirsty *land*, | where—no | wat—er |
is;

To see thy power | and—thy | glory,
So as I have | seen—thee | in—the | sanctuary.
Because thy lovingkindness is | better—than | life,
My | li—ps | sha—ll | praise thee.

Thus will I bless thee | while—I | live:
I will lift up my | ha—nds | in—thy | name.
My soul shall be satisfied as with | marrow—and | fatness;
And my mouth shall | praise thee—with | joy—ful | lips:

When I remember thee up | on—my | bed,
And meditate | on—thee | in the—night | watches.
Because thou hast | been—my | help,
Therefore in the shadow of thy | wings—will | I—re | joice.

My soul followeth *hard* | af—ter | thee:
Thy | ri—ght | hand—up | holdeth me.
But those that seek my | soul,—to de | stroy it,
Shall go into the | low—er | parts—of the | earth.

They shall | fall—by the | sword:
They shall | be—a | portion—for | foxes.
But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by | him—shall | glory:
But the mouth of them that | speak—lies | shall—be | stopped.

20.

PRAISE waiteth for thee, O | God,—in | Sion;
And unto | thee—shall the | vow—be per | formed.
O thou that | hear—est | prayer,
Unto | thee—shall | all—flesh | come.

Iniquities pre | vail—a | gainst me:
As for our transgressions | thou—shalt | purge—them a | way.
Blessed is the *man* | whom—thou | choosest,
And causeth to approach unto thee, that | he—may | dwell in—thy | courts:

We shall be satisfied with the goodness | of—thy | house,
Even | of—thy | ho—ly | temple.
By terrible things in righteous*ness* | wilt—thou | answer us,
O | God—of | our—sal | vation;

Who art the confidence of all the | ends—of the | earth,
And of them that are a*far* | off—up | on—the | sea:
Which by his strength setteth | fast—the | mountains;
Being | gir—d | ed—with | power:

Which stilleth the | noise—of the | seas,
The noise of their waves, and the | tu—mult |
of—the | people.
They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are
a | fraid at—thy | tokens:
Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and |
even—ing | to—re | joice.

Thou visitest the | earth,—and | waterest it;
Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of *God*, |
which—is | full—of | water:
Thou pre | parest—them | corn,
When thou hast | so—pro | vid—ed | for it.

Thou waterest the ridges there | of—a | bun-
dantly:
Thou | settlest—the | furrows—there | of:
Thou makest it | soft—with | showers:
Thou | blessest—the | springing—there | of.

Thou crownest the | year—with thy | goodness;
And thy | pa—ths | dro—p | fatness.
They drop upon the pastures | of—the | wilder-
ness:
And the little hills re | joice—on | ev—ery | side.

The pastures are | clothed—with | flocks;
The valleys also are | co—vered | over—with |
corn;
They | shout—for | joy,
Th | —ey | al—so | sing.

21.

GOD be merciful unto | us,—and | bless us ;
And cause his | face—to | shine—up | on us.
That thy way may be | known up—on | earth,
Thy saving | health—a | mong—all | nations.

Let the people | praise thee,—O | God ;
Let | all—the | peo—ple | praise thee.
O let the | nations—be | glad
And | si— | ng—for | joy :

For thou shalt judge the | peo—ple | righteously,
And govern the | na—tions | up—on | earth.
Let the people | praise thee,—O | God ;
Let | all—the | peo—ple | praise thee.

Then shall the earth | yield—her | increase ;
And God, even | our—own | God,—shall | bless us.
Go | d—shall | bless—us ;
And all the | ends—of the | earth—shall | fear him.

22.

GOD is our | refuge—and | strength,
A very | pre—sent | help—in | trouble.
Therefore will not we fear, though the | earth—be re | moved,
And though the mountains be carried | into—the | midst of—the | sea ;

Though the | waters—there | of
Ro | —ar | and—be | troubled,
Though the | moun—tains | shake
Wi | th—the | swelling—there | of.

There | is—a | river,
The streams whereof shall make | glad—the | city—of | God,
The | ho—ly | place
Of the | taber—nacles | of the—most | high.

God is in the | midst—of | her;
She | sha—ll | not—be | moved:
God shall | he—lp | her,
A | n—d | that—right | early.

The heathen raged, the | kingdoms—were | moved:
He uttered his | voice,—the | ea—rth | melted.
The Lord of | hosts—is | with us;
The God of | Ja—cob | is—our | refuge.

Come, behold the | works of—the | Lord,
What desolations | he—hath | made—in the | earth.
He maketh wars to cease unto the | end of—the | earth.
He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the | chari—ot | in—the | fire.

Be still, and know that | I—am | God;
I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be ex | alt—ed | in—the | earth.
The Lord of | hosts—is | with us:
The God of | Ja—cob | is—our | refuge.

23.

MAKE a joyful noise unto *God*, | all—ye | lands:
Sing forth the | ho—nour | of—his | name:
Make his | prai—se | glorious.
Say unto God, how terrible | art—thou | in—thy | works!

Through the | greatness—of thy | power
Shall thine enemies sub | mit—themselves | un—to | thee.
All the earth shall worship thee, and shall | sing—unto | thee;
They shall | si—ng | to—thy | name.

Come and see the | works—of | God:
He is terrible in his doing | toward—the | children—of | men.
He turned the *sea* | into—dry | land:
They | went—through the | flood—on | foot:

There did we re | joice—in | him.
He ruleth | by—his | power—for | ever:
His eyes be | hold—the | nations:
Let not the re | bellious—ex | alt—them | selves.

O bless our | God,—ye | people,
And make the voice of *his* | prai—se | to—be | heard:
Which holdeth our | soul—in | life,
And suffereth | not—our | feet—to be | moved.

For thou, O God, hast | prov—ed | us:
Thou hast tried | us—as | silver—is | tried.
Thou broughtest *us* | into—the | net:
Thou laidst af | fliction—up | on—our | loins.

Thou hast caused men to *ride* | over—our | heads:
We went through | fire—and | throu—gh | water.
But thou | broughtest—us | out
In | to—a | wealth—y | place.

I will go into thy house with burnt offerings: I will | pay thee—my | vows,
Which my lips have uttered, and my mouth hath | spoken,—when | I was—in | trouble.
I will offer unto thee burnt sacrifices of fatlings, with the | incense—of | rams:
I will | of—fer | bullocks—with | goats.

Come and hear, *all* | ye that—fear | God,
And I will declare what | he—hath | done for—my | soul.
I cried unto him with my mouth, and he was extolled | with—my | tongue.
If I regard iniquity in my heart, the | Lo—rd | will—not | hear me:

But verily | God—hath | heard me;
He hath attended to the | voi—ce | of—my | prayer.
Blessed | be— | God,
Which hath not turned away my | prayer,—nor his | mer—cy | from me.

24.

IN Thee, O Lord, do I | put—my | trust;
Let me | never—be | put—to con | fusion:
Deliver me in thy righteousness, and *cause* | me—to es | cape:
Incline thine | ear—unto | me,—and | save me.

Be thou my | strong—habi | tation,
Whereunto I | may—con | tinually—re | sort:
Thou hast given com | mandment—to | save me;
For thou art my | ro—ck | and—my | fortress.

Deliver me, O my God, out of the | hand of—the | wicked,
Out of the hand of the un | righteous—and | cru—el | man.
For thou art my *hope*, | O—Lord | God:
Thou art my | tru—st | from—my | youth.

By thee have I been holden up | from—the | womb:
Thou art he that took me | out of—my | mo—ther's | bowels.
My praise shall be con | tinually—of | thee:
I am as a wonder unto many: but | thou art—my | stro—ng | refuge.

Let my mouth be filled | with—thy | praise
And with thy | ho—nour | all—the | day.
Cast me not off in the | time of—old | age;
Forsake me *not* | when—my | stren—gth | faileth.

For mine enemies | speak—a | gainst me,
And they that lay wait for my | soul—take | counsel—to | gether,
Saying, | God—hath for | saken him;
Persecute and take him, for there is | none—to de | li—ver | him.

O God, be | not—far | from me:
O my | God,—make | haste—for my | help.
Let them be confounded and consumed that are adversaries | to—my | soul;
Let them be covered with reproach and dis | honour—that | seek—my | hurt.

But I will | hope—con | tinually,
And will *yet* | praise—thee | more—and | more.
My mouth shall show forth thy righteousness and thy salvation | all—the | day;
For I | know not—the | numbers—there | of.

I will go in the strength of the | Lo—rd | God:
I will make mention of thy righteous*ness* | even—of | thi—ne | only.
O God, thou hast taught me | from—my | youth;
And hitherto have I de | clared—thy | won—drous | works.

Now also, when I am | old and—grey | headed,
O | God—for | sake—me | not;
Until I have showed thy strength unto | this—gene | ration,
And thy power to every | one—that | is—to | come.

Thy righteousness also, O God, is very high,
who hast | done—great | things:
O *God*, | who—is | like—unto | thee?
Thou, which hast showed me great and sore
troubles, shalt quicken | me—a | gain,
And shalt bring me up a | gain—from the |
depths—of the | earth.

Thou shalt in | crease—my | greatness,
And comfort | me—on | ev—ery | side.
I will also praise thee with the psaltery, even
thy *truth*, | O—my | God:
Unto thee will I sing with the harp, O thou |
Ho—ly | one—of | Israel.

My lips shall greatly rejoice when I | sing—
unto | thee;
And my | soul—which | thou hast—re | deemed.
My tongue also shall talk of thy righteous*ness* |
all the—day | long:
For they are confounded, for they are brought
unto | shame—that | seek—my | hurt.

25.

GIVE the king thy | judgments,—O | God,
And thy righteous*ness* | unto—the | ki—ng's |
son.
He shall judge thy | people—with | righteous-
ness,
A | nd—thy | poor—with | judgment.

The mountains shall *bring* | peace—to the | people,
And the | lit—tle | hills,—by | righteousness.
He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the | children—of the | needy,
And shall break in | pie—ces | the—op | pressor.

They shall fear thee as long as the sun and | moon—en | dure,
Through | out—all | ge—ne | rations.
He shall come down like rain upon the | mo—wn | grass:
As | showers—that | water—the | earth.

In his days shall the | right—eous | flourish;
And abundance of peace so | long—as the | moon—en | dureth.
He shall have dominion also from | sea—to | sea,
And from the river | unto—the | ends—of the | earth.

They that dwell in the wilderness shall | bow—be | fore him;
And his | enemies—shall | lick—the | dust.
The kings of Tarshish and of the | isles shall—bring | presents:
The kings of Sheba and | Seba—shall | of—fer | gifts.

Yea, all kings shall *fall* | down—be | fore him;
All | na— | tions—shall | serve him.
For he shall deliver the needy | when—he | crieth;
The poor also, and | him—that | hath—no | helper.

He shall spare the | poor—and | needy,
And shall | save—the | souls of—the | needy.
He shall redeem their soul from de | ceit—
and | violence:
And precious shall their | blood—be | in—his |
sight.

And | he—shall | live,
And to him shall be | given—of the | gold—of |
Sheba:
Prayer also shall be made for | him—con |
tinually;
And | daily—shall | he—be | praised.

There shall be an handful of | corn—in the |
earth
Upon the | to—p | of—the | mountains;
The fruit thereof shall | shake—like | Lebanon:
And they of the city shall | flourish—like |
grass—of the | earth.

His name shall en | dure—for | ever:
His name shall be con | tinued—as | long as—
the | sun:
And men shall be | blessed—in | him:
All | nations—shall | call—him | blessed.

Blessed be the Lord God, the | God—of | Israel,
Who only | do—eth | won—drous | things.
And blessed be his glorious | name—for | ever:
And let the whole earth be filled with his glory. |
A—men, | and—A | men.

26.

TRULY God is | good—to | Israel,
Even to such as | are—of | a—clean | heart.
But as for me, my feet were | al—most | gone;
My | steps—had | well—nigh | slipped.

For I was envious | at—the | foolish,
When I | saw the—pros | perity—of the | wicked.
For there are *no* | bands in—their | death;
Bu | t—their | strength—is | firm.

They are not in trouble as | oth—er | men;
Neither are they | plagued—like | oth—er | men.
Therefore pride compasseth them a | bout as—a | chain;
Violence | cover—eth | them—as a | garment.

Their eyes stand | out—with | fatness:
They have | more—than | heart—could | wish.
They are corrupt, and speak wickedly con | cerning—op | pression;
The | —y | spea—k | loftily.

They set their mouth a | gainst—the | heavens;
And their *tongue* | walk—eth | through—the | earth.
Therefore his people re | tu—rn | hither:
And waters of a *full* | cup—are wrung | out—to | them.

And they *say*, | How doth—God | know?
And is there | know—ledge | in the—Most | High?
Behold, these are the ungodly, who | prosper—in the | world;
The | y—in | crease—in | riches.

Verily I have cleansed my | heart—in | vain,
And | washed—my | hands—in | innocency.
For all the day long have | I—been | plagued,
And | chasten—ed | ev—ery | morning.

If I say, I | will—speak | thus;
Behold, I should offend against the gener | a—tion | of—thy | children.
When I | thought to—know | this,
It | was—too | pain—ful | for me,

Until I went into the | sanctuary—of | God;
Then | under—stood | I—their | end.
Surely thou didst set them in | slip—pery | places:
Thou castedst them | do—wn | into—de | struction.

How are they brought into desolation | as in—
a | moment!
They are | utterly—con | sumed—with | terrors.
As a dream when | one—a | waketh;
So, O Lord, when thou awakest, thou | shalt—
de | spise—their | image.

Thus my | heart—was | grieved,
And I was | prick—ed | in—my | reins.
So foolish was | I,—and | ignorant:
I | was—as a | beast—be | fore thee.

Nevertheless, I am con | tinu—ally | with thee:
Thou hast holden | me—by | my—right | hand.
Thou shalt guide me | with—thy | counsel,
And afterward re | cei—ve | me—to | glory.

Whom have I in | heaven—but | thee?
And there is none upon earth that | I—
de | sire—be | side thee.
My flesh and my | hea—rt | faileth:
But God is the strength of my heart, and my |
po—r | tion—for | ever.

For, lo, they that are far from | thee—shall |
perish:
Thou hast destroyed all them that | go—a |
whor—ing | from thee.
But it is good for me to *draw* | near—to | God:
I have put my trust in the Lord God, that—
I—may de | clare—all thy | works.

27.

BOW down thine ear, O | Lo—rd, | hear me:
For | I—am | poor—and | needy.
Preserve my soul, for | I—am | holy:
O thou my God, save thy | servant—that | trust—eth | in thee.

Be merciful unto | me,—O | Lord:
For I | cr—y | unto—thee | daily.
Rejoice the | soul of—thy | servant:
For unto thee, O *Lord*, | do—I | lift up—my | soul.

For *thou*, | Lord,—art | good,
And | rea—dy | to—for | give;
And | plenteous—in | mercy
Unto *all* | them—that | call—up | on thee.

Give ear, O *Lord*, | unto—my | prayer;
And attend to the | voice—of my | sup—pli | cations.
In the day of my trouble I will | call—up | on thee;
For | thou—wilt | an—swer | me.

A | mong—the | gods
There is *none* | like—unto | thee,—O | Lord:
Neither are there | a—ny | works
Li | —ke | unto—thy | works.

All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship be | fore thee,—O | Lord;
And shall | glo—ri | fy—thy | name.
For thou art great, and doest | won—drous | things:
Th | ou—art | God—a | lone.

Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will | walk in—
thy | truth:
Unite my | heart—to | fear—thy | name.
I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with | all—
my | heart:
And I will glorify thy | name—for | ev—er |
more.

For great is thy | mer—cy | toward me:
And thou hast delivered my | soul—from the |
low—est | hell.
O God, the proud are | risen—a | gainst me,
And the assemblies of violent men have sought
after my soul, and | have not—set | thee—
be | fore them.

But | thou,—O | Lord,
Art a *God* | full of—com | passion,—and |
gracious,
Lo | —ng | suffering,
And | plenteous—in | mercy—and | truth.

O | turn—unto | me,
And have | mer— | cy—up | on me;
Give thy *strength* | unto—thy | servant,
And | save—the | son of—thine | handmaid.

Show me a | token—for | good;
That they which hate me may | see it,—and |
be—a | shamed:
Be | cause,—thou, | Lord,
Hast holpen | me,—and | comfort—ed | me.

28.

HOW amiable | are—thy | tabernacles,
O | Lo— | rd—of | hosts!
My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the | courts—of the | Lord:
My heart and my flesh crieth | out—for the | liv—ing | God.

Yea, the sparrow hath | found—an | house,
And the swallow a nest for herself, where | she—may | lay—her | young,
Even thine altars, O | Lord—of | hosts,
My | Ki—ng, | and—my | God.

Blessed are they that | dwell in—thy | house:
They | will be—still | praising | thee.
Blessed is the man whose | strength—is | in thee,
In whose | heart—are the | ways—of | them:

Who passing through the valley of Baca, | make it—a | well;
The *rain* | al—so | filleth—the | pools.
They go from | strength—to | strength;
Every one of them in Zion ap | peareth—be | fo—re | God.

O Lord God of *hosts*, | hear—my | prayer;
Give | ear,—O | God—of | Jacob.
Be | hold,—O | God,—our | shield,
And look upon the | face—of | thine—a | nointed.

For a | day in—thy | courts
Is | bet—ter | than—a | thousand.
I had rather be a door-keeper in the | house of—my | God,
Than to | dwell—in the | tents—of | wickedness.

For the Lord God is a | sun—and | shield:
The *Lord* | will—give | grace—and | glory:
No good thing will he withhold from them that | wa—lk | uprightly.
O Lord of hosts, blessed is the | man—that | trusteth—in | thee.

29.

LORD, thou hast been favourable | unto—thy | land:
Thou hast brought | back the—cap | tivity—of | Jacob.
Thou hast forgiven the in | iquity—of thy | people;
Thou hast | cover—ed | all—their | sin.

Thou hast taken *away* | all—thy | wrath:
Thou hast turned thyself from the | fierce—ness | of—thine | anger.
Turn us, O God of | our—sal | vation,
And cause thine | an—ger | toward us—to | cease.

Wilt thou be angry | with us—for | ever?
Wilt thou draw out thine | anger—to | all—
gene | rations?
Wilt thou not re*vive* | us—a | gain:
That thy people | may—re | joice—in | thee?

Show us thy | mercy,—O | Lord,
And | grant—us | thy—sal | vation.
I | —will | hear
What | God—the | Lord—will | speak:

For he will speak peace unto his people, | and to—
his | saints:
But let them *not* | turn—a | gain—to | folly.
Surely his salvation is *nigh* | them—that | fear
him;
That | glory—may | dwell in—our | land.

Mercy and truth are | met—to | gether;
Righteousness and | peace—have | kissed—
each | other.
Truth shall *spring* | out of—the | earth;
And righteous*ness* | shall—look | down—from |
heaven.

Yea, the Lord shall *give* | that—which is | good;
And our | land—shall | yield—her | increase.
Righteousness shall | go—be | fore him,
And shall | set us—in the | way—of his | steps.

30.

IT is a good thing to give *thanks* | unto—the | Lord,
And to sing praises unto thy | na—me, | O—Most | High:
To show forth thy lovingkindness | in—the | morning,
And thy | faithful—ness | ev—ery | night,

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up | on—the | psaltery;
Upon the | harp—with a | so—lemn | sound.
For thou, Lord, hast made me *glad* | through—thy | work:
I will triumph | in—the | works of—thy | hands.

O Lord, how | great are—thy | works!
And thy | thoughts—are | ve—ry | deep.
A brutish | man—knoweth | not;
Neither doth a | fo—ol | un—der | stand this.

When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of in | iquity—do | flourish,
It is that they shall | be—de | stroyed—for | ever:
But | th—ou, | Lord,
Art most | high—for | ev—er | more.

For, lo, thine enemies, O Lord, for, lo, thine | enemies—shall | perish;
All the workers of in | iqui—ty | shall—be | scattered.
But my horn shalt thou exalt like the | horn of—an | unicorn:
I shall be an | ointed—with | fre—sh | oil.

Mine eye also shall see my de*sire* | on—mine | enemies,
And mine ears shall hear my desire of the wicked that | ri—se | up—a | gainst me.
The righteous shall flourish | like—the | palm tree;
He shall | grow—like a | cedar—in | Lebanon.

Those that be planted in the | house of—the | Lord
Shall flourish | in—the | courts of—our | God.
They shall still bring forth | fruit in—old | age;
They | shall—be | fat—and | flourishing;

To show that the | Lord—is | upright:
He is my rock, and there is | no—un | righteous—ness | in him.

31.

O COME, let us *sing* | unto—the | Lord;
Let us make a joyful noise to the | rock—of | our—sal | vation.
Let us come before his presence with | tha—nks | giving,
And make a joyful | noise—unto | him—with | psalms.

For the *Lord* | is a—great | God,
And a *great* | King—a | bove—all | gods.
In his hand are the *deep* | places—of the | earth;
The strength of the | hills—is | hi—s | also.

The sea is *his* | and—he | made it:
And his *hands* | formed—the | dr—y | land.
O come, let us worship | and—bow | down:
Let us kneel be | fore—the | Lord—our | Maker.

For | he is—our | God;
And we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep—of | hi—s | hand.
To-day if ye will | hear—his | voice,
Har | —den | not—your | heart,

As in the | pro—vo | cation,
And as in the day of tempt | a—tion | in—the | wilderness:
When your fathers | tempt—ed | me,
Proved | me,—and | saw—my | work.

Forty | ye—ars | long
Was I grieved with | this—gene | ration,—and | said,
It is a people that do | err in—their | heart,
And they | have—not | known—my | ways:

Unto whom I | sware in—my | wrath,
That they should not | en—ter | into—my | rest.

32.

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling place in | all—gener | ations.
Before the | mountains—were | brou—ght | forth,
Or ever thou hadst formed the | earth—and the | world,
Even from everlasting to ever | last—ing, | thou—art | God.

Thou turnest | man—to de | struction;
And sayest, Re | turn,—ye | children—of | men.
For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yester*day* | when—it is | past,
And | as—a | watch—in the | night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they | are as—a | sleep:
In the morning they are like | grass—which | grow—eth | up.
In the morning it flourisheth, and | grow—eth | up;
In the evening | it is—cut | down,—and | withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy | wrath—are we | troubled.
Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret | sins—in the | light of—thy | countenance.
For all our days are passed *away* | in—thy | wrath:
We spend our | years—as a | tale that—is | told.

The days of our years are threescore | years—
and | ten;
And if by reason of | strength—they be | four—
score | years,
Yet is their *strength* | labour—and | sorrow;
For it is soon cut | off,—and we | fly—a | way.

Who knoweth the | power of—thine | anger?
Even according to thy | fea—r, | so is—thy |
wrath.
So teach us to | number—our | days,
That we may ap | ply—our | hearts—unto |
wisdom.

Return, O | Lord,—how | long?
And let it re | pent thee—con | cerning—thy |
servants.
O satisfy us early | with—thy | mercy;
That we may rejoice and be | gla—d | all—our |
days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein |
thou hast—af | flicted us,
And the years where | in—we | have—seen |
evil.
Let thy work ap*pear* | unto—thy | servants,
And thy | glo—ry | unto—their | children.

And | let—the | beauty
Of the | Lord—our | God—be up | on us;
And establish thou the work of our | hands—
up | on us;
Yea the work of our | hands—es | tablish—thou |
it.

33.

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the | Mo—st | High.
Shall abide under the | shadow—of | the—Al | mighty.
I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge | and—my | fortress:
My God; in | hi—m | will—I | trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the | snare of—the | fowler,
And | from—the | noi—some | pestilence.
He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his *wings* | shalt—thou | trust:
His truth shall | be—thy | shield—and | buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the | terror—by | night,
Nor for the | arrow—that | flieth—by | day,
Nor for the pestilence that | walketh—in | darkness,
Nor for the de | struction—that | wasteth—at | noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at | thy—right | hand;
But it | shall—not | come—nigh | thee.
Only with thine eyes shalt | thou—be | hold,
And | see the—re | ward—of the | wicked.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which | is—
my | refuge,
Even the *Most* | High,—thy | ha—bi | tation;
There shall be no | evil—be | fall thee,
Neither shall any | plague—come | nigh—thy |
dwelling.

For he shall give his angels | cha—rge | over
thee,
To | keep thee—in | all—thy | ways.
They shall bear thee | up—in their | hands,
Lest thou dash thy | foot—a | gainst—a |
stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the | lion—and | adder:
The young lion and the dragon shalt thou |
tram—ple | un—der | feet.
Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore
will | I—de | liver him:
I will set him on high, be | cause—he hath |
known—my | name.

He shall call upon me and I will answer him:
I will be | with him—in | trouble;
I will de | li—ver | him,—and | honour him.
With long life will I | sat—is | fy him,
And | show—him | my—sal | vation.

34.

O SING unto the | Lord a—new | song :
Sing unto the | Lo—rd, | all—the | earth.
Sing unto the *Lord*, | bless—his | name ;
Show forth his sal | vation—from | day—to | day.

Declare his glory a | mong—the | heathen,
His | wonders—a | mong—all | people.
For the Lord is great, and | greatly—to be | praised :
He is to be | feared—a | bove—all | gods.

For all the gods of the | nations—are | idols :
But the | Lo—rd | made—the | heavens.
Honour and majesty | are—be | fore him :
Strength and | beauty—are | in—his | sanctuary.

Give unto the Lord, O ye | kindreds—of the | people,
Give unto the | Lo—rd | glory—and | strength.
Give unto the Lord the glory *due* | unto—his | name :
Bring an offering, and | come—in | to—his | courts.

O | worship—the | Lord
In the | be—au | ty—of | holiness :
Fe | ar—be | fore him,
A | — | ll—the | earth.

Say a | mong—the | heathen,
Tha | t—the | Lor—d | reigneth :
The world also shall be established that it | shall not—be | moved :
He shall | judge—the | peo—ple | righteously.

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the | earth—be | glad ;
Let the *sea* | roar,—and the | fulness—there | of.
Let the field be joyful, and all that | is—there | in.
Then shall all the trees of the wood re | joice—be | fore—the | Lord :

F | or—he | cometh,
For he | cometh—to | judge—the | earth :
He shall judge the | world—with | righteousness,
And the | peo—ple | with—his | truth.

35.

THE Lord reigneth ; let the | earth—re | joice ;
Let the multitude of | isles—be | glad—there | of.
Clouds and darkness are | round—a | bout him :
Righteousness and judgment are the habi | ta—tion | of—his | throne.

A *fire* | goeth—be | fore him,
And burneth up his | ene—mies | round—a | bout.
His lightnings en | lightened—the | world;
The | ear—th | saw,—and | trembled.

The hills melted like wax at the | presence—
of the | Lord,
At the presence of the | Lord of—the | who—le |
earth.
The heavens declare his | right—eous | ness,
And all the | peo—ple | see—his | glory.

Confounded be all they that serve graven images,
that boast them | selves—of | idols:
Worship | hi—m | all—ye | gods.
Zion | heard—and was | glad;
And the daughters of Judah rejoiced, be |
cause of—thy | judgments,—O | Lord.

For thou, Lord, art high a*bove* | all—the | earth;
Thou art exalted | far—a | bove—all | gods.
Ye that love the | Lord,—hate | evil:
He preserveth the souls of his saints; he deliver-
eth them | out of—the | hand of—the | wicked.

Light is | sown—for the | righteous,
And gladness | for—the | upright—in | heart.
Rejoice in the | Lord,—ye | righteous;
And give thanks at the re | mem—brance | of—
his | holiness.

36.

O SING unto the | Lord a—new | song;
For he | hath—done | marvel—lous | things:
His right hand, and his | ho—ly | arm,
Hath | got—ten | him—the | victory.

The | Lord hath—made | known
Hi | — | s—sal | vation:
His righteousness hath he | open—ly | showed
In the | si—ght | of—the | heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy | and—his | truth
Toward the | hou—se | o—f | Israel:
All the | ends—of the | earth
Have seen the *sal* | vation—of | ou—r | God.

Make a joyful noise unto the *Lord*, | all—the | earth:
Make a loud noise, and re | joice—and | si—ng | praise.
Sing unto the | Lord—with the | harp;
With the | harp,—and the | voice of—a | psalm.

With trumpets, and | sound—of | cornet,
Make a joyful noise be | fore—the | Lord,—the | King.
Let the sea roar, and the | fulness—there | of;
The world, and | they—that | dwell—there | in.

Let the *floods* | clap—their | hands:
Let the hills be joyful to | gether—be | fore—
the | Lord:
For he cometh to | judge—the | earth:
With righteousness shall he judge the *world*, |
and—the | people—with | equity.

37.

MAKE a | joy—ful | noise
Unto the | Lo—rd, | all—ye | lands.
Serve the | Lord—with | gladness:
Come be | fore—his | presence—with | singing.

Know ye that the *Lord* | he—is | God:
It is he that hath made us, | and—not | we—
our | selves;
We | are—his | people,
And the | sheep—of | hi—s | pasture.

Enter into *his* | gates with—thanks | giving,
And | into—his | courts—with | praise:
Be thankful | un—to | him,
A | —nd | bless—his | name.

For the | Lord—is | good;
His | mercy—is | ev—er | lasting;
And his | truth—en | dureth
To | a—ll | ge—ne | rations.

38.

BLESS the *Lord*, | O—my | soul;
And all that is within me, | bless—his | ho—ly | name.
Bless the *Lord*, | O—my | soul,
And for | get—not | all—his | benefits:

Who forgiveth *all* | thine—in | iquities;
Who | healeth—all | thy—dis | eases;
Who redeemeth thy | life—from de | struction;
Who crowneth thee with loving | kindness—and | ten—der | mercies;

Who satisfieth thy | mouth with—good | things;
So that thy youth is re | new—ed | like—the | eagle's.
The Lord executeth | righteousness—and | judgment
For | all—that | are—op | pressed.

He made known his | ways—unto | Moses,
His *acts* | unto—the | children—of | Israel.
The Lord is | merciful—and | gracious,
Slow to | anger,—and | plenteous—in | mercy.

He will not | al—ways | chide;
Neither will he | keep—his | anger—for | ever.
He hath not dealt with us | after—our | sins,
Nor rewarded us ac | cording—to | our—in | iquities.

For as the heaven is high a | bove—the | earth,
So great is his | mercy—toward | them—that | fear him.
As far as the *east* | is from—the | west,
So far hath he removed | our—trans | gres—sions | from us.

Like as a father | pitieth—his | children,
So the *Lord* | piti—eth | them—that | fear him.
For he | knoweth—our | frame;
He re | membereth—that | we—are | dust.

As for man, his | days—are as | grass;
As a flower of the | fie—ld | so—he | flourisheth.
For the wind passeth over it, and | it—is | gone;
And the place there | of—shall | know it—no | more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to | ev—er | lasting
Up | o—n | them—that | fear him,
A | nd—his | righteousness
Un | —to | chil—dren's | children;

To such as | keep—his | covenant,
And to those that remember | his—com | mandments—to | do them.
The Lord hath prepared his | throne in—the | heavens;
And his kingdom | rul—eth | ov—er | all.

Bless the *Lord* | ye—his | angels,
Tha | t—ex | cel—in | strength,
That | do his—com | mandments,
Hearkening | unto—the | voice of—his | word.

Bless ye the Lord, *all* | ye—his | hosts;
Ye ministers of | his—that | do—his | pleasure.
Bless the Lord, all his works, in all places of | his—do | minion:
Bless the | Lo—rd, | O—my | soul.

39.

BLESS the *Lord*, | O—my | soul.
O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art | clothed—with | honour—and | majesty:
Who coverest thyself with *light* | as with—a | garment;
Who stretchest out the | hea—vens | like—a | curtain;

Who layeth the beams of his chambers | in—the | waters;
Who maketh the clouds his chariot; who walketh up | on—the | wings of—the | wind:
Who maketh his | an—gels | spirits;
His | ministers—a | flam—ing | fire:

Who laid the *found* | ations—of the | earth,
That it should not | be—re | moved—for | ever.
Thou coveredst it with the *deep* | as with—a | garment:
The waters | stood—a | bove—the | mountains.

At thy re | buke—they | fled;
At the voice of thy | thunder—they | hasted—a | way.
They go | up—by the | mountains;
They go down by the valleys unto the place which | thou—hast | found—ed | for them.

Thou hast set a bound that they | may not—pass | over;
That they turn not a | gain—to | cover—the | earth.
He sendeth the *springs* | into—the | valleys,
Which | run—a | mong—the | hills.

They give drink to every | beast—of the | field:
The *wild* | ass—es | quench—their | thirst.
By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their | ha—bi | tation,
Which | sing—a | mong—the | branches.

He watereth the | hills from—his | chambers:
The earth is satisfied with the | fruit—of | th—y | works.
He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the | service—of | man:
That he may bring forth | fo—od | out of—the | earth;

And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his | face—to | shine,
And | bread—which | strengtheneth—man's | heart.
The trees of the Lord are | full—of | sap;
The cedars of | Leba—non | which he—hath | planted;

Where the *birds* | make—their | nests :
As for the stork,the | fir—trees | are—her | house.
The high hills are a refuge for the | wi—ld | goats ;
And the | ro—cks | for—the | conies.

He appointed the | moon—for | seasons :
The sun | knoweth—his | go—ing | down.
Thou makest darkness, | and it—is | night :
Wherein all the beasts of the | forest—do | cre—ep | forth.

The young lions *roar* | after—their | prey,
And | seek—their | meat—from | God.
The sun ariseth, they gather them | selves—to | gether,
And | lay—them | down in—their | dens.

Man goeth *forth* | unto—his | work
And to his | la—bour, | until—the | evening.
O Lord, how manifold are thy works ! in wisdom hast thou | made—them | all :
The | earth—is | full of—thy | riches.

So is this | great and—wide | sea,
Wherein are things creeping innumerable, *both* | small—and | grea—t | beasts.
There | go—the | ships :
There is that leviathan, whom thou hast | made—to | play—there | in.

These *wait* | all—up | on thee;
That thou mayest give them their | meat—in | du—e | season.
That thou givest | them—they | gather:
Thou openest thine *hand*, | they—are | filled—with | good.

Thou hidest thy *face*, | they—are | troubled:
Thou takest away their breath, they die, and re | tu—rn | to—their | dust.
Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they | are—cre | ated:
And thou re | newest—the | face of—the | earth.

The glory of the Lord shall en | dure—for | ever:
The *Lord* | shall—re | joice in—his | works.
He looketh on the | earth,—and it | trembleth:
He toucheth the | hi—lls, | and—they | smoke.

I will sing unto the Lord as | long as—I | live:
I will sing praise to my *God* | while—I | have—my | being.
My meditation of | him—shall be | sweet:
I | will—be | glad—in the | Lord.

Let the sinners be consumed | out of—the | earth,
And let the | wick—ed | be—no | more.
Bless thou the *Lord*, | O—my | soul:
Prai | —se | ye—the | Lord.

40.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for | he—is | good:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever.
Let the redeemed of the | Lo—rd | say so,
Whom he hath redeemed | from—the | hand of—the | enemy;

And gathered them | out of—the | lands,
From the east, and from the west, from the | nor—th, | and from—the | south.
They wandered in the wilderness in a | soli—tary | way;
They | found—no | city—to | dwell in.

Hungry | an—d | thirsty,
Their | so—ul | faint—ed | in them.
Then they cried unto the | Lord in—their | trouble,
And he delivered them | out—of | their—dis | tresses.

And he led them *forth* | by the—right | way,
That they might go to a | city—of | ha—bi | tation.
Oh that men would praise the *Lord* | for—his | goodness,
And for his wonderful | works—to the | children—of | men!

For he satisfieth the | long—ing | soul,
And filleth the | hun—gry | soul—with | goodness.
Such as sit in darkness and in the | shadow—of | death,
Being | bound—in af | fliction—and | iron;

Because they rebelled against the | words—of | God,
And contemned the | coun—sel | of the—Most | High:
Therefore he brought down their | hearts—with | labour:
They fell down, and | there—was | none—to | help.

Then they cried unto the | Lord in—their | trouble,
And he saved them | out—of | their—dis | tresses.
He brought them out of darkness and the | shadow—of | death,
And | brake—their | bands—in | sunder.

Oh that men would praise the *Lord* | for—his | goodness,
And for his wonder*ful* | works—to the | children—of | men!
For he hath broken the | gates—of | brass,
And cut the | bars—of | iron—in | sunder.

Fools, because of | their—trans | gression,
And because of their in | iqui—ties | are—af | flicted:
Their soul abhorreth all | manner—of | meat;
And they draw *near* | unto—the | gates—of | death.

Then they cry unto the | Lord in—their | trouble;
And he saveth *them* | out—of | their—dis | tresses.
He sent his word, and | heal—ed | them,
And delivered | them—from | their—de | structions.

Oh that men would praise the *Lord* | for—his | goodness,
And for his wonderful | works—to the | children—of | men!
And let them sacrifice the sacrifices | of—thanks | giving,
And de | clare—his | works—with re | joicing.

They that go down to the | sea—in | ships,
That do | business—in | gre—at | waters;
These see the | works—of the | Lord,
And his | won—ders | in—the | deep.

For he commandeth, and raiseth the | stor—my | wind,
Which lifteth | up—the | waves—there | of.
They *mount* | up—to the | heaven,
They go | down a—gain | to—the | depths:

Their soul is melted be | cause—of | trouble.
They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and | are—at | their—wit's | end.
Then they cry unto the | Lord in—their | trouble,
And he bringeth them | out—of | their—dis | tresses.

He maketh the | storm—a | calm,
So that the | waves—there | of—are | still.
Then are they glad be*cause* | they—be | quiet;
So he bringeth them unto | their—de | si—red | haven.

Oh that men would praise the | Lord—for his | goodness,
And for his wonderful | works—to the | children—of | men!
Let them exalt him also in the congregation | of—the | people,
And praise him in the as | sem—bly | of—the | elders.

He turneth rivers | into—a | wilderness,
And the | water—springs | into—dry | ground;
A fruitful | land—into | barrenness,
For the wickedness of | them—that | dwell—there | in.

He turneth the wilderness into a | stand—ing | water,
And | dry—ground | in—to | watersprings.
And there he maketh the | hungry—to | dwell,
That they may prepare a | city—for | ha—bi | tation;

And sow the | fields, and—plant | vineyards,
Which may | yie—ld | fruits—of | increase.
He blesseth them also, so that they are | multi—plied | greatly,
And suffereth not their | cat—tle | to—de | crease.

Again they are minished | and—brought | low
Through op | pression,—af | fliction,—and | sorrow.
He poureth con | tempt up—on | princes,
And causeth them to wander in the wilder*ness*, | where—there | is—no | way.

Yet setteth he the poor on | high—from af | fliction,
And maketh him | fami—lies | like—a | flock.
The righteous shall see it | and—re | joice:
And all in | iquity—shall | stop—her | mouth.

Who | so—is | wise,
And | will—ob | serve—these | things,
Even they shall | un—der | stand
The loving | kind—ness | of—the | Lord.

41.

PRAISE | ye—the | Lord.
I will praise the | Lord—with | my—whole | heart,
In the assembly | of—the | upright,
And | in—the | con—gre | gation.

The works of the | Lord—are | great,
Sought out of all them | that—have | pleasure—there | in.
His work is | honourable—and | glorious:
And his righteousness en | du—r | eth—for | ever.

He hath made his wonderful works to | be—re | membered:
The Lord is | gracious,—and | full of—com | passion.
He hath given meat unto | them—that | fear him:
He will ever be | mind—ful | of—his | covenant.

He hath showed his people the | power of—his | works,
That he may give them the | herit—age | of—the | heathen.
The works of his hands are | verity—and | judgment;
All | his—com | mandments—are | sure.

They stand fast for | ever—and | ever,
And are | done—in | truth—and | uprightness.
He sent redemption | unto—his | people:
He hath com | manded—his | covenant—for | ever:

Holy and reverend | is—his | name.
The fear of the *Lord* | is the—be | ginning—of | wisdom:
A good understanding have all they that | do his—com | mandments:
His | praise—en | dureth—for | ever.

42.

PRAISE | ye—the | Lord.
Praise, O ye servants of the *Lord*, | praise—the | name of—the | Lord
Blessed be the | name of—the | Lord,
From this time | forth—and for | ev—er | more.

From the rising of the sun unto the going | down—of the | same
The | Lord's—name | is—to be | praised.
The Lord is high a | bove—all | nations,
And his | glory—a | bove—the | heavens.

Who is like unto the | Lord—our | God,
Who | dw—ell | eth—on | high;
Who | humbleth—him | self
To behold the things that are in | heaven,—and | in—the | earth!

He raiseth up the poor | out of—the | dust,
And lifteth the | nee—dy | out of—the | dunghill;
That he may | set him—with | princes,
Even with the | princes—of | hi—s | people.

He maketh the barren woman to keep house, and to be a joyful | mother—of | children.
Pra | i—se | ye—the | Lord.

43.

I | LOVE—the | Lord,
Because he hath heard my | voice—and my | sup—pli | cations.
Because he hath inclined his | ear—unto | me,
Therefore will I call upon | him—as | long as—I | live.

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat | hold—up | on me:
I | fou—nd | trouble—and | sorrow.
Then called I upon the | name of—the | Lord:
O Lord, I be*seech* | thee,—de | liver my | soul.

Gracious is the | Lord,—and | righteous;
Y | ea,—our | God—is | merciful.
The Lord pre | serveth—the | simple:
I was *brought* | low,—and he | help—ed | me.

Return unto thy *rest*, | O—my | soul;
For the Lord hath *dealt* | bount—i | ful—ly | with thee;
For thou hast delivered my | soul—from | death,
Mine eyes from | tears,—and my | feet—from | falling.

I will walk be | fore—the | Lord
In the | la—nd | of—the | living.
I believed, therefore | have—I | spoken:
I | —was | greatly—af | flicted:

I said in my *haste*, | All men—are | liars.
What shall I render unto the Lord for | all—
his | bene—fits | toward me?
I will take the | cup of—sal | vation,
And call up | on—the | name of—the | Lord.

I will pay my *vows* | unto—the | Lord
Now in the | presence—of | all—his | people.
Precious in the | sight of—the | Lord
Is the | dea—th | of—his | saints.

O Lord, truly *I* | am—thy | servant;
I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: |
thou—hast | loosed—my | bonds.
I will offer to thee the sacri*fice* | of—thanks |
giving,
And will call up | on—the | name of—the |
Lord.

I will pay my *vows* | unto—the | Lord
Now in the | presence—of | all—his | people.
In the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst
of *thee*, | O—Je | rusalem.
Prai | s—e | ye—the | Lord.

44.

ALEPH.

BLESSED are the undefiled | in—the | way,
Who | walk—in the | law of—the | Lord.
Blessed are they that | keep—his | testimonies,
And that | seek—him | with the—whole | heart.

They also | do—no in | iquity:
They | wa—lk | in—his | ways.
Thou | hast—com | manded us
To | keep—thy | pre—cepts | diligently.

O that my | ways—were di | rected
To | ke—ep | th—y | statutes!
Then shall I | not—be a | shamed,
When I have *respect* | unto—all | thy—com | mandments.

I will praise thee with | upright—ness of | heart,
When I shall have | learned—thy | right—eous | judgments.
I will | keep—thy | statutes:
O for | sa—ke | me—not | utterly.

BETH.

Wherewithal shall a young *man* | cleanse—his | way?
By taking heed thereto ac | cord—ing | to—thy | word.
With my *whole* | heart—have I | sought thee:
O let me not | wander—from | thy—com | mandments.

Thy word have I | hid in—mine | heart,
That I | might—not | sin—a | gainst thee.
Blessed art | thou,—O | Lord:
Tea | —ch | me—thy | statutes.

With my lips have | I—de | clared
All the | judg—ments | of—thy | mouth.
I have rejoiced in the | way of—thy | testimonies
As | much—as | in—all | riches.

I will meditate | in—thy | precepts,
And have re | spe—ct | unto—thy | ways.
I will delight my*self* | in—thy | statutes:
I | will not—for | get—thy | word.

GIMEL.

Deal bountifully | with—thy | servant,
That I may | live,—and | keep—thy | word.
Open | thou—mine | eyes,
That I may behold wondrous | thi—ngs | out of—
thy | law.

I am a stranger | in—the | earth;
Hide not | thy—com | mand—ments | from me.
My soul breaketh for the longing | that—it |
hath
Unto | th—y | judgments—at | all times.

Thou hast rebuked the *proud* | that—are | cursed,
Which do | err—from | thy—com | mandments.
Remove from me re | proach—and con | tempt;
For | I—have | kept—thy | testimonies.

Princes also did sit and | speak—a | gainst me:
But thy servant did | medi—tate | in—thy | statutes.
Thy testimonies also are | my—de | light,
A | — | nd—my | counsellors.

DALETH.

My soul cleaveth | unto—the | dust:
Quicken thou me ac | cord—ing | to—thy | word.
I have declared my ways, and *thou* | heard—est | me:
Tea | —ch | me—thy | statutes.

Make me to understand the | way of—thy | precepts:
So shall I | talk of—thy | won—drous | works.
My *soul* | melteth—for | heaviness:
Strengthen thou me ac | cord—ing | unto—thy | word.

Remove from me the | way—of | lying;
And | grant—me | thy—law | graciously.
I have chosen the | way—of | truth:
Thy judgments | have—I | laid—be | fore me.

I have *stuck* | unto—thy | testimonies:
O *Lord,* | put—me | not—to | shame.
I will run the way of | thy—com | mandments,
When thou | shalt—en | large—my | heart.

HE.

Teach me, O Lord, the | way of—thy | statutes,
And I shall | keep—it | unto—the | end.
Give me understanding, and I shall | keep—thy | law;
Yea, I shall ob*serve* | it—with | my—whole | heart.

Make me to go in the path of | thy—com | mandments;
For there | in—do | I—de | light.
Incline my *heart* | unto—thy | testimonies,
And | not—to | cove—tous | ness.

Turn away mine eyes from be | hold—ing | vanity;
And quicken | thou—me | in—thy | way.
Stablish thy *word* | unto—thy | servant,
Who is de | vo—ted | to—thy | fear.

Turn away my re*proach* | which—I | fear:
For thy | ju—dg | ments—are | good.
Behold, I have longed | after—thy | precepts:
Quicken | m—e | in—thy | righteousness.

VAU.

Let thy mercies come also unto | me,—O | Lord;
Even thy salvation, ac | cord—ing | to—thy | word.
So shall I have wherewith to answer him that re | proach—eth | me:
For I | tru—st | in—thy | word.

And take not the word of truth utterly | out of—my | mouth;
For I have | hop—ed | in—thy | judgments.
So shall I | keep—thy | law
Continually for | e—v | er—and | ever.

And I will | walk—at | liberty:
For | I— | seek—thy | precepts.
I will speak of thy testimonies also be | fo—re | kings,
And | will—not | be—a | shamed.

And I will delight myself in | thy—com | mandments,
Which | I | ha—ve | loved.
My hands also will I lift up unto thy commandments, which | I—have | loved;
And I will | medi—tate | in—thy | statutes.

ZAIN.

Remember the *word* | unto—thy | servant,
Upon which thou hast | caus—ed | me—to | hope.
This is my comfort in | my—af | fliction:
For thy | word—hath | quicken—ed | me.

The proud have had me greatly | in—de | rision;
Yet have I not de | clin—ed | from—thy | law.
I remembered thy judgments of | old,—O | Lord;
And | ha—ve | comforted—my | self.

Horror hath taken | hold—up | on me,
Because of the wicked | that—for | sake—thy | law.
Thy statutes have | been—my | songs
In the | hou—se | of—my | pilgrimage.

I have remembered thy name, O *Lord*, | in—the | night,
And | ha—ve | kept—thy | law.
Th | is—I | had,
Be | cause—I | kept—thy | precepts.

CHETH.

Thou art my | portion,—O | Lord:
I have said that | I—would | keep—thy | words.
I entreated thy favour with | my—whole | heart:
Be merciful unto me ac | cord—ing | to—thy | word.

I | thought—on my | ways,
And turned my | fe—et | unto—thy | testimonies.
I | ma—de | haste,
And delayed not, to | ke—ep | thy—com | mandments.

The bands of the wicked have | rob—bed | me:
But I | have not—for | gotten—thy | law.
At midnight I will rise to *give* | thanks—unto | thee,
Be | cause of—thy | right—eous | judgments.

I am a companion of | all them—that | fear thee,
And of | them—that | keep—thy | precepts.
The earth, O Lord, is | full of—thy | mercy:
Tea | —ch | me—thy | statutes.

TETH.

Thou hast dealt well with thy | servant,—O | Lord,
Ac | cord—ing | unto—thy | word.
Teach me *good* | judgment—and | knowledge:
For I have be | liev—ed | thy—com | mandments.

Before I was afflicted I | went—a | stray:
But *now* | have—I | kept—thy | word.
Thou art good, and | do—est | good:
Tea | —ch | me—thy | statutes.

The proud have forged a | lie—a | gainst me:
But I will keep thy | precepts—with | my—whole | heart.
Their heart is as | fat—as | grease:
But I de | li—ght | in—thy | law.

It is good for me that I have | been—af | flicted;
That | I—might | learn—thy | statutes.
The law of thy mouth is better | un—to | me
Than | thousands—of | gold—and | silver.

JOD.

Thy hands have made me, and | fashion—ed | me:
Give me understanding, that I may | lea—rn | thy—com | mandments.
They that fear thee will be | glad when—they | see me;
Because I have | hop—ed | in—thy | word.

I know, O Lord, that thy | judgments—are | right,
And that thou in faithful*ness* | hast—af | flict—ed | me.
Let, I pray thee, thy merciful kindness | be for—my | comfort,
According to thy | wo—rd | unto—thy | servant.

Let thy tender mercies come unto me, that | I—may | live:
For thy | law—is | my—de | light.
Let the proud be ashamed: for they dealt perversely with me with | out—a | cause;
But I will | medi—tate | in—thy | precepts.

Let those that fear thee | turn—unto | me,
And | those—that have | known—thy | testimonies.
Let my heart be | sound in—thy | statutes:
That | I—be | not—a | shamed.

CAPH.

My soul fainteth for | thy—sal | vation;
But I | ho—pe | in—thy | word.
Mine *eyes* | fail for—thy | word,
Saying, *When* | wilt—thou | com—fort | me?

For I am become like a bottle | in—the | smoke;
Yet do I | not—for | get—thy | statutes.
How many are the | days of—thy | servant?
When wilt thou execute judgment on | them—that | perse—cute | me?

The proud have digged | pits—for | me,
Which | are—not | after—thy | law.
All thy com | mandments—are | faithful:
They persecute me | wrong—fully, | help—thou | me.

They had almost consumed | me up—on | earth:
But | I—for | sook not—thy | precepts.
Quicken me after *thy* | lov—ing | kindness;
So shall I keep the | testi—mony | of—thy | mouth.

LAMED.

For | ever,—O | Lord,
Thy | word—is | settled—in | heaven.
Thy faithfulness is unto | all—gener | ations:
Thou hast established the | earth,—and | it—a | bideth.

They continue this day according | to—thine | ordinances:
For | a—ll | are—thy | servants.
Unless thy law had *been* | my—de | lights,
I should then have | perished—in | mine—af | fliction.

I will never for | get—thy | precepts:
For with *them* | thou—hast | quicken—ed | me.
I am | thi—ne, | save me:
For | I—have | sought—thy | precepts.

The wicked have waited for | me,—to de | stroy me:
But I | will—con | sider—thy | testimonies.
I have seen an end of | all—per | fection:
But thy commandment | is—ex | ceed—ing | broad.

MEM.

O how *love* | I—thy | law!
It is my medi | ta—tion | all—the | day.
Thou through thy commandments, hast made me wiser | than—mine | enemies:
For | they—are | ever—with | me.

I have more understanding than | all—my | teachers:
For thy testimonies | are—my | me—di | tation.
I under*stand* | more—than the | ancients,
Be | cause—I | keep—thy | precepts.

I have refrained my feet from every | ev—il | way,
That | I—might | keep—thy | word.
I have not departed | from—thy | judgments:
For | thou—hast | tau—ght | me.

How sweet are thy *words* | unto—my | taste!
Yea, sweeter than | hon—ey | to—my | mouth.
Through thy precepts I get | un—der | standing:
Therefore I | ha—te | every—false | way.

NUN.

Thy word is a *lamp* | unto—my | feet,
And a | li—ght | unto—my | path.
I have sworn, and I | will—per | form it,
That I will | keep—thy | right—eous | judgments.

I am afflicted | ve—ry | much:
Quicken me, O Lord, ac | cord—ing | unto—thy | word.
Accept, I beseech thee, the freewill offerings of my | mouth,—O | Lord,
And | tea—ch | me—thy | judgments.

My soul is continually | in—my | hand:
Yet do I | not—for | get—thy | law.
The wicked have laid a | sna—re | for me:
Yet I | erred—not | from—thy | precepts.

Thy testimonies have I taken as an | heritage—
for | ever:
For they are the re | joic—ing | of—my | heart.
I have inclined mine heart to per | form—thy |
statutes
Alway, | e—ven | unto—the | end.

SAMECH.

I | hate—vain | thoughts:
But thy | la—w | do—I | love.
Thou art my hiding *place* | and—my | shield:
I | ho—pe | in—thy | word.

Depart from me, ye | ev—il | doers:
For I will keep the com | mand—ments | of—
my | God.
Uphold me according unto thy word, that |
I—may | live:
And let me not be a | sham—ed | of—my | hope.

Hold thou me up, and | I shall—be | safe:
And I will have re*spect* | unto—thy | statutes—
con | tinually.
Thou hast trodden down all them that | err—
from thy | statutes:
For | their—de | ceit—is | falsehood.

Thou puttest away all the wicked of the |
earth—like | dross:
There | fore—I | love thy | testimonies.
My flesh trembleth for | fear—of | thee;
And I | am—a | fraid of—thy | judgments.

AIN.

I have *done* | judgment—and | justice:
Leave me | not—to | mine—op | pressors.
Be surety for thy | servant—for | good:
Let | not—the | proud—op | press me.

Mine eyes fail for | thy—sal | vation,
And for the | word—of | th—y | righteousness.
Deal with thy servant according | unto—thy | mercy,
And | tea—ch | me—thy | statutes.

I | am—thy | servant,
Give me understanding, that | I—may | know—thy | testimonies.
It is time for *thee,* | Lord,—to | work;
For | they have—made | void—thy | law.

Therefore I love thy commandments | a—bove | gold,
Yea, | a | bove—fine | gold.
Therefore I esteem all thy precepts concerning all things | to—be | right;
And I | ha—te | every—false | way.

PE.

Thy testimo*nies* | ar—e | wonderful:
Therefore | doth—my | so—ul | keep them.
The entrance of thy *words* | giv—eth | light;
It giveth under | stand—ing | unto—the | simple.

I opened my | mouth,—and | panted:
For I | longed—for | thy—com | mandments.
Look thou upon me, and be merci*ful* | un—to | me,
As thou usest to do unto | those—that | love—thy | name.

Order *my* | steps in—thy | word:
And let not any iniquity have do | min—ion | ov—er | me.
Deliver me from the op | pression—of | man;
So | will—I | keep—thy | precepts.

Make thy face to shine up | on—thy | servant;
And | tea—ch | me—thy | statutes.
Rivers of water run | down—mine | eyes,
Because they | ke—ep | not—thy | law.

TZADDI.

Righteous art | thou,—O | Lord,
And | up—right | are—thy | judgments.
Thy testimonies that | thou hast—com | manded
Are | righteous—and | ve—ry | faithful.

My zeal hath con | sum—ed | me:
Because mine enemies | have—for | gotten—thy | words.
Thy word is | ve—ry | pure:
There | fore—thy | ser—vant | loveth it.

I am | small and—de | spised;
Yet do not | I—for | get—thy | precepts.
Thy righteousness is an ever | last—ing | right-
eousness,
And thy | la—w | is—the | truth.

Trouble and anguish have taken | hold—on | me:
Yet thy com | mandments—are | my—de |
lights.
The righteousness of thy testimonies is | ev—
er | lasting:
Give me under | standing,—and | I—shall | live.

KOPH.

I cried with my whole *heart*; | hear me, O |
Lord:
I | wi—ll | keep—thy | statutes.
I cried | un—to | thee;
Save me, and | I—shall | keep—thy | testimonies.

I prevented the dawning of the | morning,—
and | cried;
I | hop—ed | in—thy | word.
Mine eyes prevent the | ni—ght | watches,
That I might | medi—tate | in—thy | word.

Hear my voice according to thy | lov—ing |
kindness:
O Lord, quicken me ac | cord—ing | to—thy |
judgment.
They draw nigh that follow | af—ter | mischief:
They are | far—from | th—y | law.

Thou art | near,—O | Lord;
And *all* | thy—com | mandments—are | truth.
Concerning thy testimonies, I have | known—of | old
That thou hast | found—ed | them—for | ever.

RESH.

Consider mine affliction, | and—de | liver me;
For I | do not—for | get—thy | law.
Plead my | cause—and de | liver me:
Quicken me ac | cord—ing | to—thy | word.

Salvation is | far—from the | wicked:
For they | se—ek | not—thy | statutes.
Great are thy tender | mercies,—O | Lord:
Quicken me ac | cord—ing | to—thy | judgments.

Many are my persecutors | and—mine | enemies;
Yet do I not de | cli—ne | from—thy | testimonies.
I beheld the transgressors, | and—was | grieved;
Because they | ke—pt | not—thy | word.

Consider how I | love—thy | precepts:
Quicken me, O Lord, according | to—thy | lov—ing | kindness.
Thy word is *true* | from the—be | ginning:
And every one of thy righteous | judgments—en | dureth—for | ever.

SCHIN.

Princes have persecuted me with | out—a | cause:
But my heart | standeth—in | awe of—thy | word.
I re | joice at—thy | word,
As | one—that | findeth—great | spoil.

I hate and ab | ho—r | lying:
But | thy—law | do—I | love.
Seven times a | day—do I | praise thee
Be | cause of—thy | right—eous | judgments.

Great peace have they which | love—thy | law:
And | no—thing | shall—of | fend them.
Lord, I have hoped for | thy—sal | vation,
And | do—ne | thy—com | mandments.

My soul hath | kept—thy | testimonies;
And I | lo—ve | them ex | ceedingly.
I have kept thy precepts | and—thy | testimonies:
For all my | wa—ys | are—be | fore thee.

TAU.

Let my cry come near be | fore thee,—O | Lord:
Give me understanding ac | cord—ing | to—thy | word.
Let my supplication | come—be | fore thee:
Deliver me ac | cord—ing | to—thy | word.

My lips shall | ut—ter | praise,
When | thou—hast | taught me—thy | statutes.
My tongue shall | speak of—thy | word:
For *all* | thy—com | mandments—are | right-
eousness.

Let | thine—hand | help me:
For | —have | chosen—thy | precepts.
I have longed for thy sal | vation,—O | Lord:
And thy | law—is | my—de | light.

Let my soul live, and | it—shall | praise thee:
And | let—thy | judg—ments | help me.
I have gone astray like a lost *sheep:* | seek—
thy | servant;
For I | do not—for | get—thy com | mandments.

45.

I WILL lift up mine *eyes* | unto—the | hills,
From | when—ce | cometh—my | help.
My help cometh | from—the | Lord,
Which | ma—de | heaven—and | earth.

He will not suffer thy | foot—to be | moved:
He that keepeth | th—ee | will—not | slumber.
Behold, he that | keep—eth | Israel
Shall | nei—ther | slumber—nor | sleep.

The | Lord is—thy | keeper:
The Lord is thy | shade—up | on thy—right | hand.
The sun shall not | smite thee—by | day,
No | r—the | moon—by | night.

The Lord shall preserve thee | from—all | evil:
He | shall—pre | serve—thy | soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy | com—ing | in,
From this time forth, and | even—for | ev—er | more.

46.

EXCEPT the *Lord* | build—the | house,
They | labour—in | vain—that | build it;
Except the *Lord* | keep—the | city,
The watchman | wak—eth | but—in | vain.

It is in vain for you to | rise—up | early,
To | si—t | u—p | late,
To eat the | bread—of | sorrows:
For so he giveth | his—be | lov—ed | sleep.

Lo, children are an heri*tage* | of—the | Lord
And the fruit of the | womb—is | his—re | ward.
As arrows are in the hand of a | migh—ty | man;
So are | chil—dren | of—the | youth.

Happy | is—the | man
That hath his | qui—ver | full—of | them:
They | shall not—be a | shamed,
But they shall speak with the | ene—mies | in—the | gate.

47.

LORD, my *heart* | is—not | haughty,
No | r—mine | ey—es | lofty:
Neither do I exercise my*self* | in—great | matters,
Or in | things—too | hi—gh | for me.

Surely *I* | have—be | haved
And | quiet—ed | m—y | self,
As a child that is weaned | of—his | mother:
My soul is even | as—a | wean—ed | child.

Let Israel | hope—in the | Lord,
From | hence—forth | and—for | ever.

48.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord; for | he—is | good:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever.
O give thanks unto the | God—of | gods:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever.

O give thanks to the | Lord—of | lords:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever.
To him who *alone* | doeth—great | wonders:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever.

To him that by wisdom | made—the | heavens:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever.
To him that stretched out the earth a | bove—
the | waters:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever.

To him that | made—great | lights:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever:
The sun to | rule—by | day:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever:

The moon and stars to | rule—by | night:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever.
To him that smote Egypt | in—their | firstborn:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever.

And brought out Israel | from—a | mong
them:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever:
With a strong hand, and with a | stretched—
out | arm:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever.

To him which divided the Red *sea* | in—to |
parts:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever:
And made Israel to pass through the | mid—st |
of it:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever:

But overthrew Pharaoh and his *host* | in the—
Red | sea:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever.
To him which led his people | through—the |
wilderness:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever.

To him which | smote—great | kings:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever:
And *slew* | fam—ous | kings:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever:

Sihon, | king—of the | Amorites:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever:
And Og, the | king—of | Bashan:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever:

And gave their | land—for an | heritage:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever:
Even an heritage unto | Israel—his | servant:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever.

Who remembered us in our | low—e | state:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever:
And hath redeemed us | from—our | enemies:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever.

Who giveth | food to—all | flesh:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever.
O give thanks unto the | God—of | heaven:
For his | mercy—en | dureth—for | ever.

49.

I WILL praise thee | with my—whole | heart;
Before the gods will I *sing* | prai—se | un—to | thee.
I will worship toward thy | ho—ly | temple,
And praise thy name for thy loving | kindness—and | for—thy | truth:

For | thou—hast | magnified
Thy word a | bo—ve | all—thy | name.
In the day when I cried thou | answer—edst | me,
And strengthenedst | me—with | strength in—my | soul.

All the kings of the earth shall | praise thee,—O | Lord,
When they | hear—the | words of—thy | mouth.
Yea, they shall sing in the | ways of—the | Lord:
For great is the | glo—ry | of—the | Lord.

Though the | Lord—be | high,
Yet hath he re | spe—ct | unto—the | lowly:
Bu | t—the | proud
He | knoweth—a | fa—r | off.

Though I walk in the | midst—of | trouble,
Th | —ou | wilt—re | vive me;
Thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the | wrath of—mine | enemies,
And | thy—right | hand—shall | save me.

The | Lord—will | perfect
That | which—con | cern—eth | me:
Thy mercy, O Lord, en | dureth—for | ever:
Forsake not the | works—of | thine—own | hands.

50.

O LORD, thou hast | search—ed | me,
An | —d | know—n | me.
Thou knowest my down-sitting and | mine—up | rising;
Thou understandest my | thought—a | fa—r | off.

Thou compassest my path and my | ly—ing | down,
And art ac | quainted—with | all—my | ways.
For there is not a | word in—my | tongue,
But, lo, O Lord, thou | knowest—it | al—to | gether.

Thou hast beset me be | hind—and be | fore,
And | laid—thine | hand—up | on me.
Such knowledge is too | wonder—ful | for me;
It is high, I | cannot—at | tain—unto | it.

Whither shall I | go from—thy | spirit:
Or whither | shall—I | flee from — thy | presence?
If I ascend up into heaven, | thou—art | there:
If I make my bed in | hell,—be | hold—thou art | there.

If I take the | wings of—the | morning,
And dwell in the | utter—most | parts—of the | sea,
Even there shall thy | ha—nd | lead me,
And | thy—right | hand—shall | hold me.

If I say, Surely the | darkness—shall | cover me;
Even the *night* | shall—be | light—a | bout me.
Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee: but the *night* | shineth—as the | day:
The darkness and the light are | both—a | like—to | thee.

For thou hast pos | sessed—my | reins:
Thou hast covered *me* | in—my | mo—ther's | womb.
I will | pra—ise | thee;
For I am fearfully and | won—der | ful—ly | made:

Marvellous | are—thy | works:
And that my | sou—l | knoweth—right | well.
My substance was not hid from thee, when I was | made—in | secret,
And curiously wrought in the | low—est | parts of—the | earth.

Thine eyes did see my substance, yet | being—un | perfect;
And in thy *book* | all—my | members—were | written,
Which in con | tinuance—were | fashioned,
When as | yet—there was | no—ne | of them.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto | me,—
O | God!
How | great—is the | sum—of | them!
If I should count them they are more in
number | than—the | sand:
When I *awake,* | I—am | still—with | thee.

Surely thou wilt slay the | wicked,—O | God;
Depart from me, | therefore,—ye | bloo—dy |
men.
For they speak a | gainst—thee | wickedly;
And thine ene*mies* | take—thy | name—in |
vain.

Do not I hate them, O *Lord,* | that—hate |
thee?
And am not I grieved with those that | ri—se |
up—a | gainst thee?
I hate them with | per—fect | hatred;
I *count* | them—mine | en—e | mies.

Search me, O God, and | know—my | heart:
Try | me,—and | know—my | thoughts:
And see if there be any wicked | way—in |
me,
And lead me | in—the | way—ever | lasting.

51.

Hear my prayer, O Lord; give ear to my | sup—pli | cations:
In thy faithfulness answer | me,—and | in—thy | righteousness.
And enter not into judgment | with—thy | servant:
For in thy sight shall | no—man | living—be | justified.

For the enemy hath persecuted | m—y | soul;
He hath smitten *my* | li—fe | down—to the | ground:
He hath made me to | dwell—in | darkness,
As | those—that have | been—long | dead.

Therefore is my spirit over | whelmed—with | in me:
My | heart—with | in me—is | desolate.
I remember the | days—of | old;
I meditate on all thy works; I | muse—on the | work of—thy | hands.

I stretch forth my | hands—unto | thee:
My soul thirsteth after *thee* | as—a | thirst—y | land;
Hear me | speedily,—O | Lord:
My spirit faileth: hide not thy face from me, lest I be like unto them that | go—down | into—the | pit.

Cause me to hear thy lovingkindness | in—the | morning;
For | in—thee | do—I | trust:
Cause me to know the way where | in I—should | walk;
For I | lift up—my | soul—unto | thee.

Deliver me, O *Lord*, | from—mine | enemies:
I | flee—unto | thee—to | hide me.
Teach me to | do—thy | will;
For | th—ou | art—my | God:

Thy | spirit—is | good;
Lead me | into—the | land—of | uprightness.
Quicken | me,—O | Lord,
Fo | r—thy | na—me's | sake:

For thy | righteous—ness | sake
Bring my | sou—l | out—of | trouble.
And of thy mercy cut off mine enemies, and destroy all them that af | flict—my | soul:
Fo | r—I | am—thy | servant.

52.

I WILL extol thee, my | God,—O | king;
And I will bless thy | name—for | ever—and | ever.
Every *day* | will—I | bless thee;
And I will praise thy | name—for | ever—and | ever.

Great is the Lord, and | greatly—to be | praised,
And his | great—ness | is—un | searchable.
One generation shall praise thy | works—to an | other,
And shall de | clare—thy | might—y | acts.

I will speak of the glorious honour | of—thy | majesty,
And of | th—y | wond—rous | works.
And men shall speak of the might of thy | terri—ble | acts:
And | I—will de | clare—thy | greatness.

They shall abundantly utter the memory of | thy—great | goodness,
And shall | sing—of | th—y | righteousness.
The Lord is gracious, and | full of—com | passion:
Slow to | an—ger, | and of—great | mercy.

The Lord is | good—to | all;
And his tender mercies are | ov—er | all—his | works.
All thy works shall | praise thee,—O | Lord;
And | th—y | saints—shall | bless thee.

They shall speak of the | glory—of thy | kingdom,
And | talk—of | th—y | power;
To make known to the sons of men his | might—y | acts,
And the glorious | majest—y | of—his | kingdom.

Thy kingdom is an ever | last—ing | kingdom,
And thy dominion endureth through | out—all | gen—er | ations.
The Lord upholdeth | all—that | fall,
And raiseth up all | those that—be | bow—ed | down.

The eyes of all | wait up—on | thee;
And thou givest them their | meat—in | du—e | season.
Thou | openest—thine | hand,
And satisfiest the desire of | ev—ery | liv—ing | thing.

The Lord is righteous in | all—his | ways,
And | holy—in | all—his | works.
The Lord is nigh unto all them that | call—up | on him,
To all that | call—up | on him—in | truth.

He will fulfil the desire of | them—that | fear him:
He also will | hear—their | cry,—and will | save them.
The Lord preserveth *all* | them—that | love him:
But all the | wicked—will | he—de | stroy.

My | mouth—shall | speak
The | prai—se | of—the | Lord;
And let all flesh bless his | ho—ly | name
For | e— | ver—and | ever.

53.

PRAISE | ye—the | Lord.
Praise the | Lo—rd | O—my | soul.
While I live will I | praise—the | Lord:
I will sing praises unto my *God* | while—I | have—any | being.

Put not your trust in princes, nor in the | son—of | man,
In | whom—there | is—no | help.
His breath goeth forth, he returneth | to—his | earth;
In that | very—day | his—thoughts | perish.

Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob | for—his | help,
Whose hope is | in—the | Lord—his | God:
Which made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that | there—in | is;
Which | keep—eth | truth—for | ever;

Which executeth judgment | for the—op | pressed:
Which | giv—eth | food—to the | hungry.
The *Lord* | looseth—the | prisoners:
The *Lord* | openeth—the | eyes of—the | blind:

The Lord raiseth them that are | bow—ed | down:
The | Lo—rd | loveth—the | righteous:
The Lord pre | serveth—the | strangers;
He relieveth the | father—less | and—the | widow:

But the | way of—the | wicked
He | turn—eth | up—side | down.
The Lord shall | reign—for | ever,
Even thy God, O Zion, | un—to | all—gener | ations.

54.

PRAISE | ye—the | Lord:
For it is good to *sing* | prai—ses | unto—our | God;
For | it—is | pleasant:
A | n—d | praise—is | comely.

The Lord doth | build up—Je | rusalem;
He gathereth to | gether—the | outcasts—of | Israel.
He healeth the | broken—in | heart,
And | bind—eth | up—their | wounds.

He telleth the number | of—the | stars;
He calleth *them* | a—ll | by—their | names.
Great is our *Lord*, | and of—great | power:
His | un—der | standing—is | infinite.

The Lord lifteth | up—the | meek:
He casteth the | wick—ed | down—to the | ground.
Sing unto the *Lord* | with—thanks | giving;
Sing praise upon the | ha—rp | unto—our | God;

Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who
prepareth | rain—for the | earth,
Who maketh grass to | grow—up | on—the |
mountains.
He giveth to the | beast—his | food,
And to the | you—ng | ravens—which | cry.

He delighteth not in the | strength—of the |
horse:
He taketh not pleasure in the | le—gs | of—a |
man.
The Lord taketh pleasure in | them—that | fear
him,
In | those—that | hope in—his | mercy.

Praise the *Lord,* | O—Je | rusalem;
Praise | th—y | God,—O | Zion.
For he hath strengthened the | bars of—thy |
gates;
He hath | blessed—thy | children—with | in
thee.

He maketh | peace in—thy | borders,
And filleth thee with the | fin—est | of—the |
wheat.
He sendeth forth his commandment | up—on |
earth:
His *word* | run—neth | ve—ry | swiftly.

He giveth | snow—like | wool:
He scattereth the | hoa—r | frost—like | ashes.
He casteth forth his | ice—like | morsels:
Who can | stand—be | fore—his | cold?

He sendeth | out—his | word,
And | me— | lt—eth | them:
He causeth his | wind—to | blow,
An | d—the | wa—ters | flow.

He showeth his | word—unto | Jacob,
His statutes and his | judg—ments | un—to | Israel.
He hath not dealt so with | a—ny | nation:
And as for his judgments, they have not known them. | Prai—se | ye—the | Lord.

55.

PRAISE | ye—the | Lord.
Praise ye the Lord from the *heavens*: | praise—him | in—the | heights.
Praise ye *him*, | all—his | angels:
Praise ye | hi—m, | all—his | hosts.

Praise ye *him*, | sun—and | moon:
Praise him, | all—ye | stàrs—of | light.
Praise him, ye | heavens—of | heavens,
And ye waters that | be—a | bove—the | heavens.

Let them praise the | name of—the | Lord:
For he commanded, and | th—ey | were—cre | ated.
He hath also stablished them for | ever—and | ever:
He hath made a de | cree—which | shall—not | pass.

Praise the | Lord—from the | earth,
Ye | dra—gons, | and—all | deeps:
Fire, and *hail;* | snow,—and | vapours;
Stormy | wind—ful | filling—his | word:

Mountains | and—all | hills;
Fruitful | tree—s, | and—all | cedars:
Beasts, | and—all | cattle:
Creeping | things,—and | fly—ing | fowl:

Kings of the | earth, and—all | people;
Princes, and *all* | jud—ges | of—the | earth:
Both | young men—and | maidens;
Old | me—n | a—nd | children:

Let them praise the | name of—the | Lord:
For his | name—a | lone—is | excellent;
His glory | is—a | bove
The | ear— | th—and | heaven.

He also exalteth the horn of his people, the
praise of | all—his | saints;
Even | of—the | children—of | Israel,
A people | near—unto | him.
Prai | —se | ye—the | Lord.

CHANTS AND ANTHEMS.

1.

GOD that | made—the | world
And | a—ll | things—there | in,
Seeing that he is Lord of | heaven—and | earth,
Dwelleth not in | tem—ples | made—with | hands;

Neither is worshipped | with—men's | hands,
As | though—he | need—ed | any thing,
Seeing *he* | giveth—to | all
Li | fe,—and | breath,—and | all things:

And hath made of one blood *all* | nations—of | men
For to dwell on | all—the | face of—the | earth,
And hath determined the times be | fore—ap | pointed,
And the | bounds—of their | ha—bi | tation;

That they should | seek—the | Lord,
If haply they might | feel—after | him,—and | find him,
Though he be not far from every | one—of | us:
For in him we live, and | move,—and | have—our | being.

2.

O ALL ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him for ever.

O ye angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him for ever.

O ye heavens of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him for ever.

O ye waters that be above the firmament, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him for ever.

O all ye powers of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him for ever.

O ye sun and moon, O ye stars of heaven, O ye showers and dew, O ye winds of God, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him for ever.

O ye fire and heat, O ye winter and summer, O ye dews and frosts, O ye frost and cold, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him for ever.

O ye ice and snow, O ye nights and days, O ye light and darkness, O ye lightnings and clouds, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him for ever.

O let the earth bless the Lord; yea, let it praise him, and magnify him for ever.

O ye mountains and hills, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him for ever.

O all ye green things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him for ever.

O ye wells, O ye seas and floods, O ye whales, O ye fowls of the air, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him for ever.

O all ye beasts and cattle, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him for ever.

O ye children of men, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him for ever.

O let Israel bless the Lord: praise him and magnify him for ever.

O ye priests of the Lord, O ye servants of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him for ever.

O ye spirits and souls of the righteous, O ye holy and humble men of heart, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him for ever.

O Ananias, Azarias, and Misael, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him for ever.

3.

O LORD I have heard thy speech, and | was—
a | fraid:
O Lord, revive thy work in the | mi—dst | of—
the | years,
In the midst of the | years—make | known;
In | wrath—re | mem—ber | mercy.

God | came—from | Teman,
And the | Holy—One | from—mount | Paran.
His glory | covered—the | heavens,
And the | earth—was | full of—his | praise.

And his brightness was | as—the | light;
He had horns coming out of his hand: and
there was the | hid—ing | of—his | power.
Before him | went—the | pestilence,
And burning | coals—went | forth at—his |
feet.

He stood, and measured the earth; he beheld,
and drove a | sunder—the | nations;
And the ever | last—ing | mountains—were |
scattered,
The perpetual | hills—did | bow:
His | ways—are | ev—er | lasting.

The mountains saw thee, | and—they | trembled:
The overflowing of the | wa—ter | pass—ed |
by:
The *deep* | uttered—his | voice,
And lifted | up—his | hands—on | high.

The | sun—and | moon
Stood | still—in their | ha—bi | tation:
At the light of *thine* | arrows—they | went,
And at the | shining—of thy | glitter—ing | spear.

Although the fig tree | shall—not | blossom,
Neither shall | fruit—be | in—the | vines;
The labour of the | olive—shall | fail,
And the | fields—shall | yield—no | meat;

The flock shall be *cut* | off from—the | fold,
And there shall be no | he—rd | in—the | stalls:
Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of | my—sal | vation.
The | Lord—God | is—my | strength.

4.

IT is of the Lord's mercies that we are | not—con | sumed,
Be*cause* | his—com | pas—sions | fail not.
They are | new—every | morning:
Great | is—thy | faith—ful | ness.

The Lord is my portion, | saith—my | soul;
Therefore | will—I | hope—in | him.
The Lord is good unto them that | wai—t | for him,
To the | soul—that | seek—eth | him.

It is | good—that a | man
Should both hope and quietly wait for the sal | va—tion | of—the | Lord.
It is | good—for a | man
That he | bear—the | yoke—in his | youth.

For the Lord will not cast | off—for | ever;
But though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the | multi—tude | of—his | mercies.
For he doth not af | fli—ct | willingly,
Nor | grieve—the | children—of | men.

Out of the mouth of the most High proceedeth *not* | evil—and | good?
Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the | punish—ment | of—his | sins?
Let us search and try our ways, and turn *again* | to—the | Lord.
Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto | Go—d | in—the | heavens.

Thou hast | heard—my | voice:
Hide not thine ear at my | breath—ing, | at—my | cry.
Thou drewest near in the day that I | called—up | on thee:
Thou | said—st | fea—r | not.

O Lord, thou hast pleaded the cause | of—my | soul;
Thou | hast—re | deemed—my | life.
O Lord, thou hast | seen—my | wrong:
Judge | th—ou | m—y | cause.

5.

HO, every one that thirsteth, come *ye* | to—the | waters,
And he that hath no money; | come—ye, | buy—and | eat;
Yea, come, buy | wine—and | milk
Without | money—and | with—out | price.

Incline your ear, and *come* | un—to | me:
Hear, | and—your | soul—shall | live;
And I will make an everlasting | cove—nant | with you,
Even the | su—re | mercies—of | David.

Seek ye the Lord while he | may—be | found;
Call ye up*on* | him—while | he—is | near:
Let the wicked for | sake—his | way,
And the un | right—eous | man—his | thoughts:

And let him re*turn* | unto—the | Lord,
And he | will—have | mercy—up | on him:
And | to—our | God,
For he | will—a | bundant—ly | pardon.

For my thoughts are | not—your | thoughts,
Neither are your ways | my—ways, | saith—the | Lord.
For as the heavens are higher | than—the | earth,
So are my ways higher than your ways, and | my—thoughts | than—your | thoughts.

For ye shall go | out—with | joy,
And be | le—d | forth—with | peace:
The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you | in—to | singing,
And all the trees of the | field—shall | clap—their | hands.

6.

HOLY, Holy, Holy, | Lord—God Al | mighty,
Early in the morning shall our | song—a | rise—
to | thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! | merciful—and | mighty,
Jehovah! | Fa—ther | of—e | ternity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the | saints—a | dore
thee,
Casting down their golden crowns a | round—
the | glass—y | sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling | down—be | fore
thee,
Who wast, and art, and | ev—er | more—shalt |
be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the | dark—ness |
hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy | glo—ry |
may—not | see;
Only thou art holy, there is | none—beside |
thee,
Perfect in | power,—in | love,—and | purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy, | Lord—God Al | mighty,
All thy works shall praise thy name, in | earth,—
and | sky—and | sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! | merciful—and | mighty,
Jehovah; | Fa—ther | of—e | ternity!

7.

HALLELUJAH !
For the Lord God om | nipo—tent | reigneth.
The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall | reign—for | ever—and | ever.

Hallelujah !
We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, who art, and wast, and | art—to | come :
King of | kings,—and | Lord—of | lords.

Hallelujah !
Salvation unto our God who sitteth upon the throne, and | unto—the | Lamb.
A | men !—Halle | lujah,—A | men.

Hallelujah !
Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and | power,—and | might,
Be unto our | God,—for | ever—and | ever.
Amen. Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

8.

HOLY, holy, holy, *Lord* | God—Al | mighty,
Which was, and | is,—and | is—to | come.
Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and | honour—and | power:
For thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they | are—and | were—cre | ated.

Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth up | on—the | throne,
And unto the | Lamb—for | ever—and | ever.
We give thee thanks, O *Lord* | God—Al | mighty,
Which art, and | wast,—and | art—to | come.

Great and marvellous are thy works, *Lord* | God—Al | mighty,
Just and true are thy | ways,—thou | King—of | saints.
Who shall not | fear thee,—O | Lord,
And | glo—ri | fy—thy | name?

9.

AND there shall come forth a rod out of the | stem—of | Jesse,
And a branch shall | gr—ow | out of—his | roots:
And the Spirit of the Lord shall | rest—up | on him,
The spirit of | wisdom—and | un—der | standing,

The spirit of | counsel—and | might,
The spirit of knowledge and of the | fea—r | of—the | Lord;
And shall make him of quick understanding in the | fear of—the | Lord:
And he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the | hear—ing | of—his | ears:

But with righteousness shall he | judge—the | poor,
And reprove with equity for the | me—ek | of—the | earth:
And he shall smite the earth with the | rod—of his | mouth,
And with the breath of his *lips* | shall—he | slay—the | wicked.

The wolf also shall | dwell—with the | lamb,
And the leopard shall | lie—down | with—the | kid;
And the calf and the young lion and the | fatling—to | gether;
And a | lit—tle | child—shall | lead them.

And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall *lie* | down—to | gether:
And the lion shall *eat* | str—aw | like—the | ox.
And the sucking child shall play on the | hole of—the | asp,
And the weaned child shall put his | hand—on the | cock—atrice' | den.

And they shall not | hurt—nor de | stroy,
In | all—my | ho—ly | mountain:
For the earth shall be full of the knowledge | of—the | Lord,
As the | wa—ters | cover—the | sea.

10.

BEHOLD, a king shall | reign—in | righteousness,
And | princes—shall | rule—in | judgment.
And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert | from—the | tempest;
As rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a *great* | rock—in a | wea—ry | land.

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be | glad—for | them;
And the desert shall rejoice, and | blos—som | as—the | rose.
It shall | blossom—a | bundantly,
And re*joice* | even—with | joy—and | singing;

Then the eyes of the *blind* | shall—be | opened,
And the ears of the | deaf—shall | be—un | stopped.
Then shall the lame *man* | leap as—an | hart,
And the | tongue of—the | du—mb | sing:

And the ransomed of the | Lord shall—re | turn,
And come to Zion with songs and everlasting | joy—up | on—their | heads:
They shall ob*tain* | joy—and | gladness,
And sorrow and | sighing—shall | flee—a | way.

11.

IN the last days it shall | come—to | pass,
That the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be es | tablished—in the | top of—the | mountains,
And it shall be exalted a | bove—the | hills;
And | people—shall | flow—unto | it.

And many nations shall come, and say, Come, and let us go up to the | mountain—of the | Lord,
And to the | house—of the | God—of | Jacob;
And he will teach us of his ways, and we will | walk in—his | paths:
For the law shall go forth of Zion, and the | word—of the | Lord from—Je | rusalem.

And he shall judge a | mong—many | people,
And rebuke strong | nations—a | fa—r | off;
And they shall beat their | swords—into | plowshares,
And their | spea—rs | in—to | pruninghooks;

Nation shall not lift up a sword against nation neither shall they *learn* | war—any | more.
But they shall sit every man under his | vine—and | under—his | fig tree;
And none shall | make them—a | fraid:
For the mouth of the | Lord—of | hosts—hath | spoken it.

12.

IF in this life only we have | hope—in | Christ,
We | are—of | all men—most | miserable.
But now is *Christ* | risen—from the | dead,
And become the | first—fruits of | them—that | slept.

For since by | man—came | death,
By man came also the resur | rec—tion | of—the | dead.
For as in | Adam—all | die,
Even so in Christ shall | all—be | made—a | live.

Behold, I | show you—a | mystery;
We shall not all sleep, but | we—shall | all—be | changed,
In a moment, in the twinkling of an *eye*, | at the—last | trump:
For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and | w—e | shall—be | changed.

For this corruptible must put on | in—cor | ruption,
And this mortal *must* | put—on | im—mor | tality.
So when this corruptible shall have put on | in—cor | ruption,
And this mortal shall have | put—on | im—mor | tality,

Then shall be brought to pass the saying | that—is | written,
Death is | swallow—ed | up—in | victory.
O death, where | is—thy | sting?
O | grave,—where | is—thy | victory?

The sting of | death—is | sin ;
And the | strength—of | sin—is the | law.
But thanks be to God, which giveth | us—the | victory,
Through our | Lo—rd | Je—sus | Christ.

13.

MY soul doth magni | fy—the | Lord,
And my spirit hath re | joiced—in | God,—my | Saviour.
For he | hath—re | garded
The | lowliness—of | his—hand | maiden :

For be | hold—from | henceforth
All gener | ations—shall | call—me | blessed.
For he that is mighty hath | magni—fied | me ;
And | ho—ly | is—his | name.

And his mercy is on | them—that | fear him
Through | out—all | gen—er | ations.
He hath showed | strength—with his | arm ;
He hath scattered the proud in the imagin | a—tion | of—their | hearts.

He hath put down the mighty | from—their | seat,
And hath ex | alted—the | humble—and | meek.
He hath filled the | hungry—with good | things ;
And the rich he | hath—sent | empty—a | way.

He re | membering—his | mercy,
Hath | holpen—his | ser—vant | Israel ;
As he promised to | our—fore | fathers,
Abra*ham* | and—his | seed—for | ever.

14.

"THY will be | done!" || In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run ||
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say |
"Thy will be | done!"

"Thy will be | done!" || If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosp'rous | sun ||
This prayer will make it more divine |
"Thy will be | done!" ||

"Thy will be | done!" || Though shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, || one comfort—one
Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore |
"Thy will be | done!" ||

15.

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit
My humble prayer ascends, O | Fa—ther! |
hear it! ||
Upsoaring on the wings of fear and meekness,
For | give its | weakness.

I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy
The trembling sacrifice I | pour—be | fore Thee; ||
What can I offer in Thy presence holy
But | sin—and | folly?

For in thy sight—who every bosom viewest—
Cold are our warmest vows, and | vain—our |
truest; ||
Thoughts of a hurrying hour, our lips repeat
them,
Our | hearts—for | get them.

We see Thy hand, it leads and it supports us;
We hear Thy voice—it | counsels—and it | courts us; ||
And then we turn away—and still thy kindness ||
Par | dons—our | blindness.

And still Thy rain descends, Thy sun is glowing,
Fruits ripen round, flowers are be | neath—us | blowing, ||
And, as if Man were some deserving creature,
Joys | co—ver | nature.

Oh! how longsuffering, Lord! but Thou delightest
To win, with love, the wandering— | Thou—in | vitest ||
By smiles of mercy,—not by frowns or terrors,
Man | from—his | errors.

Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing
To every generous thought and | grate—ful | feeling?
That voice paternal—whispering, watching ever,
My | bo—som? | never!

Father and Saviour! plant within this bosom
The | seeds—of | holiness,— || and bid them blossom
In fragrance, and in beauty bright and vernal,
And | spring—e | ternal.

Then place them in those everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and | seraphs—are the | wardens;
Where every flower that creeps through death's dark portal ||
Be | comes—im | mortal. Amen.

16.

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of | men—
and of | angels,
And | ha—ve | no—t | charity,
I am become as | sound—ing | brass,
Or | —a | tink—ling | cymbal.

And though I have the | gift—of | prophecy,
And understand all | mys—teries, | and—all |
knowledge;
And though I have all faith, so that I could
re | mo—ve | mountains,
And have not | chari—ty, | I—am | nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to | feed—
the | poor,
And though I give my | bo—dy | to—be | burned,
And | have—not | charity,
It | pro—fit | eth—me | nothing.

Charity suffereth *long*, | and—is | kind:
Charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not
it*self*, | is—not | puff—ed | up,
Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh | not—
her | own,
Is not easily provoked, | think—eth | n—o | evil;

Rejoiceth *not* | in—in | iquity,
But re | joic—eth | in—the | truth;
Beareth all things, be | liev—eth | all things,
Hopeth | all things,—en | dur—eth | all things.

Chari*ty* | ne—ver | faileth;
But whether there be | prophe—cies, | they—shall | fail:
Whether there be *tongues*, | they—shall | cease;
Whether there be knowledge, | it—shall | vanish—a | way.

And now abideth faith, *hope*, | charity,—these | three;
But the | greatest—of | these—is | charity.

17.

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in | fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the | pomp—of his | ire;
Self moving, it drives on its pathway of | cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of | Godhead—are | bow'd.

The glory! the glory! around him are | pour'd,
The myriads of angels that | wait—on the | Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are | there,
And all who the palm-wreaths of | victo—ry | wear.

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all | heard,
Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd | monu—ments | stirr'd:
From ocean and earth, from the south pole and | north,
Lo, the vast generations of | ages—come | forth.

The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all | set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested | elders—are | met;
All flesh is at once in the sight of the | Lord,
And the doom of eternity | hangs on—his | word.

O mercy! O mercy! look down from a | bove,
Redeemer, on us thy sad | children,—with | love:
When beneath, to their darkness, the wicked are | driven,
May our justified souls find a | welcome—in | heaven. Amen!

18.

THERE is a river of im | mort—al | peace, ||
Clear, springing from the | high—e | ter—nal
throne ||

Which flows in | bliss—ful | streams || through |
all—the | groves,
Of | Paradise;

From this e | ter—nal | spring
Some little rivulets descend, to cheer
The | ci—ty | of—our | God ||

The | sa—cred | place
Of | his—a | bode—on | earth;

Though all around
Be | discord—and com | motion ||
She shall dwell
Unmov'd, serene, and | safe,—for | God—is |
there:

His arm omnipotent is | ev—er | near ||
Her present help, her | all—suf | fi—cient |
guard.

The Lord of | Hosts—is | with us ||
Israel's God
Is our defence, our | ev—er | last—ing | refuge.

ADVENT.

19.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned. The voice of him that cryeth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low, the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

20.

HOW beautiful are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth, break forth into joy.

21.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth, heaven and earth are full of thy glory.

Hosanna in the highest.

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Hosanna in the highest.

22.

HOW beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation: that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth.

Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing: for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion.

Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem: for the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.

All the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

23.

SLEEPERS wake! a voice is calling;
It is the watchman on the walls—
Thou city of Jerusalem!
For lo! the bridegroom cometh.—
Arise and take your lamps.—Hallelujah!
Awake! his kingdom is at hand,
Go forth to meet your Lord.

24.

THE Lord, even the most mighty God hath spoken, and called the world from the rising up of the sun until the going down thereof.

Out of Zion hath God appeared in perfect beauty. Our God shall come and shall not keep silence. There shall go before him a consuming fire, and a mighty tempest shall be stirred up round about him. He shall call the heavens from above, and the earth, that he may judge his people. And the heavens shall declare his righteousness, for God is judge himself. With righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity. Hallelujah.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

25.

BEHOLD a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Emanuel, God with us.

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain. O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, behold your God.

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

26.

FOR behold! darkness shall cover the earth, and thick darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; and they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called, Wonderful! Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

27.

THERE were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

And lo the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for unto you is born, this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying—Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, goodwill towards men.

28.

GLORY to God in the highest, peace on earth, goodwill to men.

LENT.

29.

HEAR my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications. In thy faithfulness answer me, and in thy righteousness, O Lord.

30.

GIVE ear, O Lord, be merciful unto thy servant. Hear my crying, O Jehovah; for thou, O Lord, art my salvation, my hope is in thee.

31.

BOW down thine ear, O Lord, and hear me, for I am poor and in misery. Preserve my soul, for I am holy; my God, save thy servant that putteth his trust in thee. Be merciful unto me, O God: be merciful unto me, O Lord, for I will call daily upon thee. Comfort the soul of thy servant, for unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

32.

O LORD, thou hast searched me and known me, thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising, thou understandest my thoughts long before.

Thou art about my path and about my bed, and spiest out all my ways: for, lo, there is not a word in my tongue, but thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether.

Whither shall I go then from thy spirit, or whither shall I go from thy presence? If I climb up into heaven thou art there; if I go down to hell thou art there also; if I take the wings of the morning and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there also shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

33.

CAST thy burden upon the Lord and he shall sustain thee. He will never suffer the righteous to fall. He is at thy right hand.

Thy mercy, Lord, is great, and far above the heavens. Let none be made ashamed that wait upon thee.

34.

I WILL cry unto God with my voice : even unto God will I cry with my voice, and he shall hearken unto me.

Hath God forgotten to be gracious, and will he shut up his lovingkindness in displeasure?

I will remember the works of the Lord, and call to mind thy wonders of old time.

Thy way, O God, is holy ; who is so great a God is our God? Thou art the God that doeth wonders ; and hast declared thy power among the people.

The waters saw thee, O God, the waters saw thee, and were afraid, the depths also were troubled. The clouds poured out water, the air thundered ; and their arrows went abroad. The voice of thy thunder was heard round about. The lightnings shone upon the ground, the earth was moved and shook withal.

Thy way is in the sea, and thy paths in the great waters : and thy footsteps are not known.

35.

HEAR my prayer, O Lord, and hide not thyself from my petition. Take heed unto me and hear me ; how I mourn in my prayer and am vexed. My heart is disquieted within me and the fear of death is fallen upon me.

O that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest.

36.

CALL to remembrance, O Lord, thy tender mercies, and thy lovingkindness, which have been ever of old.

O remember not the sins and offences of my youth, but according to thy mercy think thou on me, O Lord think thou on me for thy goodness.

37.

HEAR my prayer, O Lord my God: let my cry come unto thee: hide not thy face from me in time of trouble: haste thee to help me.

38.

REMEMBER, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy loving kindness, for they have been ever of old. According to thy mercy think thou upon me, O Lord.

39.

O LORD, rebuke me not in thine indignation, neither chasten me in thy displeasure. In my trouble I will call upon the Lord my Saviour. O, be not far from me, haste thee to help me when I cry to thee.

PALM SUNDAY.

40.

HOSANNA to the Son of David. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Peace on earth and glory in the highest heavens. Hosanna in the highest places.

GOOD FRIDAY.

41.

BEHOLD the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows: He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him.

EASTER.

42.

THEN shall be brought to pass the saying that is written: death is swallowed up in victory.

O death where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

43.

WHY do the nations so furiously rage together, and why do the people imagine a vain thing. The kings of the earth rise up, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord and against his anointed.

Hallelujah! For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ: and he shall reign for ever and ever, King of kings and Lord of lords. Hallelujah!

44.

I HAVE set God alway before me, for he is on my right hand, therefore I shall not fall.

Wherefore my heart was glad, and my glory rejoiced, my flesh also shall rest in hope.

For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption.

Thou shalt show me the path of life; in thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand there is pleasure for evermore.

ASCENSION.

45.

HALLELUJAH to the Father, and the Son of God.
Praise the Lord, ye everlasting choir in holy songs of joy.
Worlds unborn shall sing his glory; the exalted Son of God,
Praise the Lord in holy songs of joy.

46.

LIFT up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is the King of Glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is the King of Glory? The Lord of hosts, He is the King of Glory.

47.

GOD is gone up with a merry noise, the Lord with the sound of the trump; O sing praises, sing praises unto our God. O sing praises, sing praises unto our King, for God is the King of all the earth. Sing ye praises with understanding.

48.

THOU, Lord, art God alone, almighty and everlasting. Amen.

WHITSUNDAY.

49.

THEIR sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world.

50.

HOW lovely are the messengers that preach us the gospel of peace.

51.

LORD of all power and might, thou who art the author and giver of all good things: graft in our hearts the love of thy name; increase in us true religion, nourish us with all goodness, and of thy great mercy keep us in the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

ALL SAINTS.

52.

LET their celestial concerts all unite,
Ever to praise his name in endless blaze of light.

53.

AND lo! a throne was set in heaven, and on the throne one seated: and a rainbow encircled the throne: and around the throne sat four-and-twenty elders, clothed in shining raiment, with golden crowns upon their heads; and from the throne proceeded lightnings and thunders, and voices crying day and night:—Holy, holy, holy is God our Lord, the Almighty one! he that is, and he that was, and is to come.

54.

BEHOLD a great multitude of all nations, and kindreds, and people, stood before the throne of the Lamb: and they were clothed in white garments and had palms in their hands. And they fell down upon their faces and worshipped God.

These are they which come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the precious blood of the Lamb: therefore they are before the throne, and serve God day and night, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them; and God shall wipe away all tears from the eyes of his people.

Hail! Lord Almighty! for God shall lead them; he shall guide them; God, from every face shall wipe off every tear. Thou hast redeemed us and we are thine.

FOR ANNIVERSARIES.

55.

HOW excellent thy name, O Lord,
In all the world is known;
Above all heavens, O King adored,
How hast thou set thy glorious throne.

56.

PRAISE the Lord ye servants, O praise the name of the Lord. Great is our Lord and great his power; yea, and his wisdom is infinite.

O sing praises unto our God; O sing praises unto our King: for God is the King of all the earth. O sing ye praises with understanding.

Hallelujah. Amen.

57.

CRY aloud and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the holy one of Israel in the midst of thee.

58.

THIS is the day that the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it

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59.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, call upon his name; sing unto him, sing Psalms unto our God. Tell of all his wondrous works, glory in his holy name. Rejoice ye in his mighty acts, in the wonders that he hath done. He is the Lord our God, so will we praise him.

FUNERAL.

60.

BLESSED for ever are they that die trusting in God. Yea, blessed for ever are they that die in the Lord. From henceforth they rest from their labours. For them that sleep in Jesus, God will bring with him.

61.

HAPPY and blest are they who have endured,
For tho' the body dies the soul shall live for ever.

62.

MAN dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and as the flood decayeth and drieth up: so man lieth down and riseth not: till the heavens be no more they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.

There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there; and the servant is free from his master.

HYMNS.

GOD AND HIS PRAISE.

1.—L.M.

Praise ye the Lord.

YE nations round the earth rejoice
  Before the Lord your sovereign King,
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
  With all your tongues his glory sing.

The Lord is God: 'tis He alone,
  Doth life, and breath, and being give:
We are his work, and not our own:
  The sheep that on his pastures live.

Enter his gates with songs of joy,
  With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
  To pay your thanks and honours there.

The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
  Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
  His truth from age to age endure.

2.—L.M.

Praise the Lord, all ye People.

SING to the Lord with joyful voice,
  Let every land his name adore,
The British isles shall send the noise
  Across the ocean to the shore.

Nations, attend before his throne
  With solemn fear, with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
  He can create and He destroy.

His sovereign power without our aid,
  Made us of clay and formed us men:
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
  He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people, we his care,
  Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
  Almighty Maker, to thy name?

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
  High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
  Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command
  Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
  When rolling years shall cease to move.

3.—L.M.

To Thee shall all flesh come.

O THOU to whom in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue,—

Not now on Zion's height alone
The favored worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

To Thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty bend the knee,
And childhood lisp with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

O Thou to whom in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,
To Thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise and praise be sung.

4.—C.M.

Even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God.

RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,
  Stretch all thy thoughts abroad;
And rouse up every tuneful sound
  To praise th' eternal God.

Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
  Jehovah filled his throne;
Or Adam formed, or angels made,
  The Maker lived alone.

His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
  But still maintain their prime:
Eternity's his dwelling place,
  And *ever* is his time.

While like a tide our minutes flow,
  The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal Now,
  And sees our ages waste.

The sea and sky must perish too,
  And vast destruction come;
The creatures, look how old they grow,
  And wait their fiery doom!

Well, let the sea shrink all away,
  And flame melt down the skies:
My God shall live an endless day,
  When th' old creation dies.

5.—L.M.

Thou art great, O Lord God.

MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days:
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise my song.

The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear:
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for Thee.

Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let Britain round her shores proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.

Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

6.—L.M.

Rejoice in his righteousness.

NEW songs unto the Lord indite,
For mighty marvels He hath done;
His right hand hath prevailed in fight,
His holy arm the conquest won.

The Gentiles have in public viewed,
How just and helpful He hath been;
To Israel, truth and love He showed,
His mercies all the world have seen.

Then through the world his glory sing—
Sing praises with triumphant voice,
To praise the Lord the psaltery bring,
And on the harp with psalms rejoice.

The Lord, the King, with mirth adore
With trump and flute this joy begin,
Ye seas with all your fulness roar,
Thou earth be glad, and all therein.

Before the Lord your joys express,
Ye floods and hills, for lo, He comes
To judge the world with equalness,
And give the people righteous dooms.

7.—C.M.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name.

THE Lord! how fearful is his name!
How wide is his command!
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand.

Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe;
Whilst with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

A word of his Almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them as He please.

Adoring angels round Him fall,
In all their shining forms,
His sovereign eye looks thro' them all
And pities mortal worms.

Now let the Lord for ever reign,
And sway us as He will,
Sick, or in health, in ease or pain,
We are his favorites still.

No more shall peevish passion rise,
The tongue no more complain;
'Tis sovereign love that lends our joys,
And love resumes again.

8.—104th.

Praise the Lord, O my soul.

MY soul, praise the Lord,
Speak good of his name,
His mercies record,
His bounties proclaim.
To God, their Creator
Let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving,
The chorus of praise.

Though hid from man's sight,
God sits on his throne,
Yet here, by his works,
Their author is known.
The world shines a mirror,
Its Maker to show,
And heaven views its image,
Reflected below.

By knowledge supreme,
By wisdom divine,
God governs this earth
With gracious design:
O'er beast, bird and insect
His providence reigns,
Whose will first created,
Whose love still sustains.

And man, his last work,
With reason endued,
Who, falling through sin,
By grace is renewed.
To God his Creator,
Let man ever raise
The song of thanksgiving,
The chorus of praise.

9.—7s.

Thy throne is established of old; Thou art from everlasting.

CLOTH'D with state, and girt with might,
Monarch-like Jehovah reigns—
He who earth's foundations pight,*
Pight at first, and yet sustains.
He whose stable throne disdains
Motion's shock and ages' flight,
He who endless One remains,
One, the same, in changeless plight.

Rivers, yea, though rivers roar,
Roaring though sea-billows rise;
Vex the deep and break the shore,
Stronger art Thou, Lord of skies!
Firm and true thy promise lies,
Now and still as heretofore,
Holy worship never dies,
In thy house when we adore.

* Built.

10.—7.6.

The Almighty is excellent in power.

THE Lord is King, and weareth
A robe of glory bright;
He clothed with strength appeareth,
And girt with powerful might.

The earth He hath so grounded,
That moved it cannot be;
His throne long since was founded,
More old than Time is He.

The waters highly flowèd
And raised their voice, O Lord,
The seas their fury showèd,
And loud their billows roared.

But God in strength excelleth
Strong seas and powerful deeps,
With Him all pureness dwelleth,
And firm his truth He keeps.

11.—7.8.

The Lord will give strength to his people.

WHAT if nations rage and fret?
What if Earth do ruin threat?
Lo! our state Jehovah guideth,
He that on the cherubs rideth.

Throned He sits a King of might,
Mighty so, as bent to right.
For how can but be maintained,
Right by Him, who right ordained.

O then come! Jehovah sing!
Sing our God, our Lord, our King!
At the footstool set before Him,
(He is holy) come adore Him.

12.—L.M.

From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God.

JEHOVAH reigns, He dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might:
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever living God.

Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

For ever shall thy throne endure,
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

13.—L.M.

For his mercy endureth for ever.

GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

Give to the Lord of Hosts renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

The Jews He freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promised land;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.

He sent his Son with power to save,
From guilt and darkness and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to our heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

14.—L.M.

Bless the Lord, all his works.

THE Lord, how absolute He reigns!
Let every angel bend the knee:
Sing of his love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

High on his throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss:
Fly through the world, O sun! and tell
How dark thy beams compared to his.

Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
And the sweet whisper of his name
Fill every gentler breeze of air.

Let clouds and winds and waves agree,
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.

Ye flowery plains, proclaim his skill;
Valleys lie low before his eye;
And let his praise from every hill,
Rise tuneful to the neighbouring sky.

Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
Bend your high branches and adore:
Praise Him, ye beasts, in different strains;
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.

Birds, ye must make his praise your theme;
Nature demands a song from you:
While the dumb fish that cut the stream,
Leap up and mean his praises too.

Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you sings?
O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains and lofty kings!

Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

15.—L.M.

They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure.

WHAT is our God, or what his name
  Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells concealed in radiant flame,
  Where neither eyes nor thought can reach.

The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
  Compared with Him how short they fall!
They are too dark and He too bright,
  Nothing are they, and God is all.

He spoke the wondrous word, and lo!
  Creation rose at his command:
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
  Bound in the hollow of his hand.

The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
  Measuring the changes by the moon:
No ebb his sea of glory knows,
  His age is one eternal noon.

16.—C.M.

Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever.

GREAT God! how infinite art Thou!
  What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
  And pay their praise to Thee.

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
  Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God
  Were all the nations dead.

Nature and time quite naked lie,
  To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
  To the great burning day.

Eternity, with all its years,
  Stands present to thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
  Great God! there's nothing new.

Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
  And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on,
  Thine undisturbed affairs.

Great God! how infinite art Thou!
  What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
  And pay their praise to Thee.

17.—S.M.

Let my mouth be filled with thy praise and with thy honour all the day.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
  How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories, how diffused abroad
  Through the creation's frame!

Nature in every dress,
  Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
  Thine undissembled praise.

In native white and red,
  The rose and lily stand,
And free from pride, their beauties spread,
  To show thy skilful hand.

The lark mounts up the sky,
  With unambitious song,
And bears her Maker's name on high,
  Upon her artless tongue.

My soul would rise and sing
  To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
  And pay the worship due.

Descend, celestial fire,
  And seize me from above,
Melt me in flames of pure desire,
  A sacrifice to love.

Let joy and worship spend
  The remnant of my days,
And to my God my soul ascend,
  In sweet perfumes of praise.

18.—L.M.D.

The Heavens declare the glory of God.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

19.—7s.

Praise is comely.

THOU who art enthroned above!
Thou by whom we live and move!
Thee we bless; thy praise be sung,
While an ear can hear a tongue.

O how sweet, how excellent,
'Tis, with tongue and heart's consent,—
Thankful hearts and joyful tongues,
To renown thy name in songs.

When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
Thy high favours to rehearse,
Thy firm faith, in grateful verse.

Decks the spring with flowers the field?
Harvest rich doth autumn yield?
Giver of all good below!
Lord! from Thee these blessings flow.

Who thy wonders can express?
All thy thoughts are fathomless:
Lord, Thou art most great, most high,
Such from all eternity.

20.—C.M.

The word of the Lord standeth sure.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet praises of his grace,
And the performing God.

Proclaim salvation from the Lord
For wretched dying men:
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.

His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

He said, 'let the wide heav'n be spread:'
And heav'n was stretched abroad:
'Abra'm, I'll be thy God,' He said;
And He was Abra'm's God.

O might I hear thy heavenly tongue,
  But whisper, 'Thou art mine!'
Those gentle words should raise my song
  To notes almost divine.

How would my leaping heart rejoice,
  And think my heaven secure!
I trust the all-creating voice,
  And faith desires no more.

21.—C.M.

Lord Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

OUR God, our help in ages past,
  Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
  And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of thy throne
  Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
  And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
  Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
  To endless years the same.

Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
'Return, ye sons of men;'
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

[The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand,
Lie withering ere 'tis night.]

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

22.—C.M.

Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
  His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
  And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
  Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
  And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
  The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
  In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense
  But trust Him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence,
  He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
  Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
  But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
  And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
  And He will make it plain.

23.—148th.

The word of the Lord endureth for ever.

THE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke;
Nor will the eternal King
His words of grace revoke;
They stand secure,
And steadfast still;
Not Zion's hill
Abides so sure.

The mountains melt away
When once the Judge appears;
And sun and moon decay
That measure mortal years;
But still the same,
In radiant lines
The promise shines
Thro' all the flame.

Their harmony shall sound
Thro' mine attentive ears;
When thunders cleave the ground
And dissipate the spheres;
'Midst all the shock
Of that dread scene,
I stand secure,
Thy word my rock.

24.—S.M.

Bless the Lord, O my soul.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

'Tis He forgives thy sins;
'Tis He relieves thy pain;
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses
And makes thee young again.

He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave:
He that redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud
And justice for the oppressed.

His wondrous works and ways,
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

25.—8.7.

God is Love.

GOD is Love: his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove:
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never,
God is wisdom, God is love.

Even the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

26.—L.M.

God is faithful.

PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To Him that earth's foundations laid;
Praise to the God, whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as He please.

Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
And there, as strong as his decrees
He sets his kindest promises.

(Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke and spread the skies abroad.

Each of them powerful as that sound
That bade the new-made world go round:
And stronger than the solid poles
On which the wheel of nature rolls.)

Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comfort that our Maker gives.

Oh! for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his power sustains.

27.—L.M.

Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with pious mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.

Convinced that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed,
We, whom He chooses for his own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

Oh, enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still our grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

For He's the Lord, supremely good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

28.—C.M.

Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.

O GOD! we praise Thee, and confess
That Thou, the only Lord,
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

To Thee all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry;

O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.

The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou the eternal Father art
Of boundless majesty.

29.—L.M.

Praise, O ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord.

BOTH heaven and earth do worship Thee,
Thou Father of Eternity!
With splendour from thy glory spread,
Are heaven and earth replenished.

To Thee all angels loudly cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high,
The apostles' glorious company,
The prophets' fellowship praise Thee.

The noble and victorious host
Of martyrs make of Thee their boast;
The holy church, in every place
Throughout the earth exalts thy praise.

From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honour Thee:
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end for evermore.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day:
O Lord, have mercy on us all;—
Have mercy on us when we call!

30.—C.M.

Arise, O God, judge the earth.

GOD in the great assembly stands,
Of kings and lordly states;
Among the gods on both his hands,
He judges and debates.

How long will ye pervert the right
With judgment false and wrong,
Favoring the wicked by your might,
Who thence grow bold and strong?

Regard the weak and fatherless;
Despatch the poor man's cause;
And raise the man in deep distress,
By just and equal laws.

Defend the poor and desolate;
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him that help demands.

They know not, nor will understand,
In darkness they walk on;
The earth's foundations all are moved,
And out of order gone.

I said that ye were gods, yea all
The sons of God Most High;
But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other princes die.

Rise God! judge Thou the earth in might,
This wicked earth redress,
For Thou art He who shall by right
The nations all possess.

31.—7s.

For his mercy endureth for ever.

LET us with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods He is the God:
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

O let us his praises tell,
Who doth wrathful tyrants quell:
For his mercies aye endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Who, by wisdom, did create
Painted heavens so full of state:
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Who, by all-commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light:
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Caused the golden-tressed sun,
All day long his course to run:
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

The horned moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright:
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He his chosen ones did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness:
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All things living He doth feed,
With full hand supplies their need:
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us therefore warble forth,
His great majesty and worth:
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

That his mansion hath on high,
Past the reach of mortal eye:
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

32.—C.M.

We wait for thee, O Lord.

CAUSE us to see thy goodness, Lord,
To us thy mercy show;
Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.

And now what God the Lord will speak,
I will go straight and hear,
For to his people He speaks peace;
And to his saints full dear,

To his dear saints He will speak peace;
But never let them more
Return to folly, but surcease
To trespass as before.

Surely to such as do Him fear
Salvation is at hand;
And glory shall ere long appear
To dwell within our land.

Mercy and truth that long were missed,
Now joyfully are met;
Sweet peace and righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.

Truth from the earth like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And justice from the heavenly bower
Look down on mortal men.

The Lord will also then bestow
Whatever thing is good;
Our land shall forth in plenty throw,
Her fruits to be our food.

Before Him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger:
Then will He come, and not be slow;
His footsteps cannot err.

33.—L.M.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

34.—148TH.

So we thy people and sheep of thy pasture, will give thee thanks for ever.

ALL from the sun's uprise,
Unto his setting rays,
Resound in jubilees
The great Jehovah's praise.
Him serve alone;
In triumph bring
Your gifts and song
Before his throne.

Man drew from man his birth;
But God his noble frame,
Built of the ruddy earth,
Filled with celestial flame.
His sons we are;
Sheep by Him led,
Preserved and fed
With tender care.

O to his portals press,
In your divine resorts:
With thanks his power profess,
And praise Him in his courts.
How good! how pure!
His mercies last:
His promise past
For ever sure.

35.—L.M.

The day-spring from on high.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord!
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Thy noblest wonders, Lord, we view
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiven:
O cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

36.—C.M.

He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

On him the Spirit largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

His silver trumpets publish loud
The Jubilee of the Lord ;
Our debts are all remitted now,
Our heritage restored.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

37.—7.6.

All nations shall call him blessed.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed !
Great David's greater son !
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

By such shall he be feared
  While sun and moon endure,
Beloved, obeyed, revered;
  For he shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations
  With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations
  Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down, like showers
  Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
  Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
  Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness in fountains,
  From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger
  To him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
  His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion,
  Ships from the isles shall meet
To pour the wealth of ocean
  In tribute at his feet.

Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing;
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever
That name to us is—Love.

38.—7s. D.

A light to lighten the Gentiles.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are!
Trav'ller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ller, yes, it brings the day,
Promis'd day of Israel.

Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends:
Trav'ller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends!
Watchman! will its beams alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ller, ages are its own,
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
Trav'ller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

39.—8.6.

Glory to God in the highest, and on the earth peace, goodwill towards men.

O LOVELY voices of the sky,
That hymned the Saviour's birth,
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang 'Peace on earth?'
To us yet speak the strains,
Wherewith in days gone by,
Ye blessed the Syrian swains,
O voices of the sky!

O clear and shining light, whose beams
That hour heaven's glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherd's head!
Be near through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of hope, and joy, and faith,
O clear and shining light!

O star which led to Him, whose love
Brought down man's ransom free!
Where art thou? mid the host above
May we still gaze on thee?
In heaven thou art not set,
Thy rays earth might not dim;
Send them to guide us yet,
O star which led to Him!

40.—L.M.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host.

ONE angel came to tell the tale
  That Christ was born, to those sage swains
Who rested in that starlit vale,
  And fed their flocks on Bethlehem's plains.

One angel came of this to tell,
  But many more took up the song
That hailed his birth, with sweetest swell,
  And filled the heavens, clear and strong.

Thus bless thy minister, O Lord!
  That he one angel-song should give,
The choicest chant of Thee adored—
  The loveliest lay that Christ doth live!

Thus grant thy congregation, Lord!
  That they thus angel-songs should raise,
With the apostle of thy word—
  Priests all and Prophets of thy praise.

41.—C.M.

And lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them.

BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
  With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed,
  Where the Redeemer lay.

But lo! a brighter, clearer light,
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.

O haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey;
Be rugged wilds or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.

O gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with him in heaven.

42.—C.M.D.

Peace on earth.

CHRIST came on earth, the Prince of Peace!
Then peace was o'er the world!
Then did the tramp of legions cease
And war's red flag was furled.
The sword within its sheath was put,
The lance was in its rest,
The deadly engine's mouth was shut,
And angel-songs were blest.

O Prophecy! of him who came
To preach to men from God—
Peace to the battle's demon flame:
Peace to the tyrant's rod:
Peace all around and peace within,
Peace to the mourner's breast:
Peace to the soul at war in sin,
Peace and Eternal Rest.

43.—L.M.

When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

When marshalled on the nightly plain
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Deathstruck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The Star! the Star of Bethlehem!

44.—7.8.

And she laid him in a manger.

IN the stable Christ was born—
Bethlehem's stable ever holy;
All amid the kine and corn
Lay the child so high and lowly.

All amid the kine, our Lord,
He whom David's harp so holy,
Sung should save both man and herd,
Lay a child so high and lowly.

Let us, his disciples, show
Taught by this in kindness holy,
Mercy to the beast so low,
Love to all things living lowly.

Christ, the child, the child divine!
In the manger, 'mid the corn—
All amid the lowing kine—
In the stable Christ was born.

45.—C.M.

Break forth into singing ye mountains, O forest, and every tree.

JOY to the world; the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King,
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

46.—S.M.

He saw the spirit of God descending like a dove.

THE symbol stream was shed,
The liquid life was poured
Upon the humble Master's head—
The twice anointed Lord!

Descends God's spirit high,
God's bright electric love,
To warm his breast with energy,
In likeness of a dove.

With wings inspired of flame,
On him, from high above,
It lit, and thus God's spirit came—
That heaven-hearted dove!

O Christ! our souls are thine,
Laved in thy loveliest love—
Descend on us, O dove divine!
Descend, O heavenly dove!

47.—L.M.

The Third Temptation.

ERECT upon the mountain high
Our Saviour stood in majesty:
The subtle tempter by his side—
The spirit of all sin and pride.

Before them like a map's vast fold,
All earth's wide kingdoms were unrolled,
And all their glory—gems and stones,
Their golden crowns and ivory thrones.

Rome's Capitol above them all
Spread eagle-wings imperial:
The purple gleamed, the spoils bright shone,
As Cæsar—god on earth! marched on.

Poor, poor to Christ, this glory grand,
This empire wide o'er sea and land;
In vain the treacherous tempter tried
To bend his knee to worship pride.

The Lord our God, the Holy One
Our Saviour served, is Lord alone:
He owned his power and bore his words
As King of kings and Lord of lords.

Thus learn God's power o'er all to own,
His only—sceptre, crown, and throne;
Thus learn with Christ to awe aside
The Satans, Pomp and Power and Pride.

48.—L.M.D.

Follow me!

BESIDE the shore of Galilee,
A voice was heard athwart the sea—
A voice at once of tender tone
Yet solemn as an organ's own:
And humble fishers as they heard,
Forgot their nets, obeyed its word,
Left all, disciples true to be,
For Christ had uttered—Follow Me!

As seated at the Custom's board
The faithful Levi saw the Lord,
And in his heart the bell was rung
For worship from that fruitful tongue—
He left his trade, he left his gold:
His heart grew large, his breast was bold—
He went disciple true to be,
For Christ had told him—Follow Me!

Christ calls us not to come by creed,
But by the truthful faith of deed;
And we who would obey his call
Must leave wealth, trade, and friends, and all;
Must learn his love, and cease from strife,
And mould our minds to his through life,
If we disciples true would be,
For Christ has uttered—Follow Me!

And still e'en now we hear that Voice:
Hark, silvery strains! Rejoice! Rejoice!
Above the clouds, beyond the air,
Up highest heavens' sapphire stair—
Beyond life's gate of mortal bar,
From sky to sky, from star to star,
It quivereth, echoeth, floweth free
For Christ still calleth—Follow Me!

49.—C.M.

Master, I will follow Thee.

SERVANT of all, to toil for man
  Thou didst not, Lord, refuse;
Thy majesty did not disdain
  To be employed for us!

Thy bright example I pursue,
  To thee in all things rise;
And all I think, or speak, or do,
  Is one great sacrifice.

Careless through outward cares I go,
  From all distraction free;
My hands are but engaged below,
  My heart is still with thee.

50.—L.M.

And both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage.

MESSIAH Lord! who, wont to dwell
In lowly shape and cottage cell,
Didst not refuse a guest to be,
At Cana's poor festivity.

O when our soul from care is free,
Then, Saviour, would we think on thee;
And, seated at the festal board,
In fancy's eye behold the Lord.

Then may we seem, in fancy's ear,
Thy manna-dropping tongue to hear,
And think—'if now his searching view
Each secret of our spirit knew!'

So may such joy, chastised and pure,
Beyond the bounds of earth endure;
Nor pleasure in the wounded mind
Shall leave a rankling sting behind.

51.—C.M.

Help thou mine unbelief.

THE winds were howling o'er the deep,
Each wave a watery hill:
The Saviour wakened from his sleep;
He spake, and all was still.

The madman in a tomb had made
His mansion of despair:
Woe to the traveller who strayed
With heedless footsteps there!

He met that glance so thrilling sweet,
He heard those accents mild;
And, melting at Messiah's feet,
Wept like a weaned child.

O madder than the raving man!
O deafer than the sea!
How long the time since Christ began
To call in vain to me!

Yet, could I hear him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks he should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold.

O God, that every thought canst know,
And answer every prayer!
O give me sickness, want, or woe,
But snatch me from despair!

My struggling will by grace control;
Renew my broken vow:
What blessed light breaks on my soul?
O Lord! I hear thee now.

52.—11, 10.

The Widow of Nain.

WAKE not, O mother, sounds of lamentation!
Weep not, O mother, weep not hopelessly!
Strong is His arm, the Bringer of Salvation;
Strong is the Word of God to succour thee.

Bear forth the cold corpse; slowly, slowly bear him,
Hide his pale features with the sable pall;
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him,
Widowed and childless, she has lost her all.

Why pause the mourners? who forbids our weeping?
Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delayed?
Set down the bier! he is not dead, but sleeping!
'Young man, arise!' He spake and was obeyed!

Change then, O sad one! grief to exultation;
Worship and fall before Messiah's knee;
Strong was His arm, the Bringer of Salvation:
Strong was the Word of God to succour thee!

53.—8.8.6.

It is I, be not afraid.

OFT when the waves of passion rise,
And storms of life conceal the skies,
And o'er the ocean sweep;
Tossed in the long tempestuous night,
We feel no ray of heavenly light,
To cheer the lonely deep.

But lo! in our extremity
The Saviour walking on the sea!
E'en now he passes by!
He silences our clamorous fear,
And mildly says, 'Be of good cheer,
Be not afraid, 'tis I.'

Ah Lord! if it be thou indeed,
So near us in our time of need,
So good, so strong to save;—
Speak the kind word of power to me,
Bid me believe, and come to thee,
Swift—walking on the wave.

He bids me come! his voice I know,
And boldly on the waters go,
And brave the tempest's shock:
O'er rude temptations now I bound;
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock!

Come in, come in, thou Prince of Peace!
And all the storms of sin shall cease
And fall, no more to rise:
O if thy spirit still remain,
Our rest on distant shores we gain,
Our haven in the skies.

54.—7s.

He said unto the sea, 'Peace, be still.'

LORD! thou didst arise and say
To the troubled waters, 'Peace!'
And the tempest died away:
Down they sank, the foamy seas;
And a calm and heaving sleep
Spread o'er all the glassy deep;
All the azure lake serene
Like another heaven was seen.

Lord! thy gracious word repeat
To the billows of the proud:
Quell the tyrant's martial heat,
Quell the fierce and changing crowd:
Then the earth shall find repose
From its restless strife and woes;
And an imaged heaven appear
On our world of darkness here.

55.—7s.

Lord! that I may receive my sight.

LORD! we sit and cry to thee,
  Like the blind beside the way:
Make our darkened souls to see
  The glory of thy perfect day:
Lord! rebuke our sullen night,
And give thyself unto our sight.

Lord! we do not ask to gaze
  On our dim and earthly sun;
But the light that still shall blaze
  When every star its course hath run;
The glory of thy blest abode,
The uncreated light of God.

56.—7s.

He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted.

THOU dost come, all-healing Lord,
Thou dost speak, and lo! thy word
Maketh Truth o'er Falsehood strong,
Maketh Right prevail o'er Wrong.

Towards thine own the master yearneth,
Lo! the slave becometh free!
Sacrifice the needy learneth,
And the rich man charity.

An all-pitying Father-God,
Deigns with man to make abode;
Innocence and misery
Refuge find with the Most High.

The glad prayer he bids arise,
Mounteth, free and fair, the skies;
Not one stain upon its wing,
No more bloody offering.

Follies foul and crooked fashions—
Mighty lusts and evil passions—
These the only victims slain,
On His altars without stain.

Immortality forth breaketh
Time's best brightness to outglow!
And sweet hope, yet briefer maketh,
Our brief exile here below.

Love celestial maketh light,
Lifteth up each burden here,
Lo! th' Eternal Age dawns bright,
No remorse need be despair.

Deeper worth the just soul hath,
Virtue lowlier, loftier grows.
Children know by humble faith,
Wisdom nought more glorious knows.

And man whom this glory cheers,
Man, for whom this light is sown,
Resteth fast two thousand years,
In thy word's strange strength alone.

57.—7s.

Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

Thou who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

Ye who tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise;

Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
Guilt in strong remorse who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care;
Wounded spirits who can bear?

Sinner, come! for here is found
Balm, that flows for every wound;
Peace, that ever shall endure,
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

58.—L.M.D.

I am the way, the truth, and the life.

THOU art the Way—and he who sighs
  Amid this starless waste of woe,
To find a pathway to the skies,
  A light from heaven's eternal glow,
By Thee must come, Thou gate of love
  Through which the saints undoubting trod;
Till faith discovers, like the dove,
  An ark, a resting place in God.

Thou art the Truth—whose steady day
  Shines on through earthly blight and bloom,
The pure, the everlasting ray,
  The lamp that shines e'en in the tomb;
The light that out of darkness springs,
  And guideth those that blindly go;
The word, whose precious radiance flings
  Its lustre upon all below.

Thou art the Life—the blessed well,
  With living waters gushing o'er,
Which those who drink shall ever dwell
  Where sin and thirst are known no more:
Thou art the mystic pillar given,
  Our lamp by night, our light by day:
Thou art the sacred bread from heaven:
  Thou art the Life—the Truth—the Way.

59.—P.M.

For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell.

HE is a path, if any be misled;
He is a robe, if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, he is bread;
If any be a bondman, he is free;
If any be but weak, how strong is he;
To dead men life he is, to sick men health;
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth—
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

60.—L.M.

Behold thy King cometh, sitting upon an ass's colt.

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry!
Thy humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ! thy triumphs now begin,
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain;
Then take, O Christ, thy power, and reign!

61.—10.

And they cried, saying, Hosanna!

'DESCEND to thy Jerusalem, O Lord!'
Her faithful children cry with one accord;
Come! ride in triumph on! behold we lay
Our guilty lusts and proud wills in thy way.

Thy road is ready, Lord!—thy paths made straight,
In longing expectation seem to wait
The consecration of thy beauteous feet:
And hark! Hosannas loud thy footsteps greet.

Welcome, O welcome to our hearts, Lord! here
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that in Sion, and as full of sin:
How long shall thieves and robbers dwell therein?

Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor!
Destroy their strength, that they may never more
Profane with traffic vile that holy place,
Which thou hast chosen, there to set thy face.

And then, if our stiff tongues shall silent be
In praises of thy finished victory,
The temple-stones shall cry, and loud repeat
Hosanna! and thy glorious footsteps greet!

62.—8.6.

Then cometh Jesus with them to a place called Gethsemane.

O'ER Kedron's streams and Salem's height
And Olivet's brown steep,
Moves the majestic queen of night,
And throws from heaven her silver light,
And sees the world asleep;

All but the children of distress,
Of sorrow, grief, and care,
Whom sleep, though prayed for, will not bless;
These leave the couch of restlessness,
To breathe the cool, calm air.

For those who shun the glare of day,
There's a composing power,
That meets them, on their lonely way,
In the still air, the sober ray,
Of this religious hour.

'Tis a religious hour; for he
Who many a grief shall bear
In his own body on the tree,
Is kneeling in Gethsemane,
In agony and prayer.

O Holy Father, when the light
Of earthly joy grows dim,
May hope in Christ grow strong and bright,
To all who kneel, in sorrow's night,
In trust and prayer like him.

63.—L.M.

Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example.

MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word:
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

64.—7.6.7.4.

And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him.

Father! that in the olive shade
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy Son:

O, by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief;
Or to the chastened, let thy might
Hallow this grief!

And thou, that when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
'Thy will be done:'

By thy meek spirit, thou, of all
That e'er have mourned the chief—
Thou, Saviour! if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this grief.

65.—P.M.

By whose stripes ye were healed.

SWEET Eden was the arbour of delight,
Yet in its honey flowers our poison grew.
Sad Gethsemane the bower of baleful night,
Where Christ a health of poison for us drew,
Yet all our honey in that poison grew:
So we from sweetest flower could suck our bane,
And Christ from bitter venom could again
Extract life out of death, and pleasure out of pain.

66.—8,6,8.

Consider Him, lest ye be wearied.

HE knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but his Father's eye
Looked through the lonely garden's shade
On that dread agony:
Messiah cried with suppliant breath,
Bowed down with sorrow unto death.

He proved them all,—the doubt, the strife,
The faint perplexing dread;
The mists that hang o'er parting life
All gathering round his head;
And the deliverer knelt to pray;
Yet passed it not, that cup, away!

It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread;
It passed not, though to him the grave
Had yielded up its dead:
But there was sent him from on high
A gift of strength, for man to die!

And was the Sinless thus beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may *we* meet our conflict yet,
In the dark narrow way?
Through him, through him, that path who trod,
The child of grief—the Son of God.

67.—L.M.

By his stripes we are healed.

A VOICE upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth in agony of prayer,
'O, Father! take this cup away.'

Ah! thou who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in thy mortal fray;
And Earth, for all her children, saith,
'O God! take *not* this cup away.

O Lord of sorrow! meekly die:
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh;
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

Great Chief of faithful souls! arise:
None else can lead the martyr-band,
Who teach the brave, how peril flies,
When Faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

O king of earth! the cross ascend:
O'er climes and ages, 'tis thy throne:
Where'er thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms, and is thy own.

Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray;
Make but one fold below, above:
And when we go the last lone way,
O give the welcome of thy love.

68.—L.M.

He is despised and rejected of men.

DESPISED is the Man of grief,
Rejected and denied belief,
By them whose sorrows he hath worn,—
For whom he bears the bitter scorn,
The shameful robe, the scourge, the thorn.

All we, like sheep, have gone astray,
And turned aside from wisdom's way:
But he the path of death hath trod,
And humbly kissed affliction's rod,
To lead our stricken souls to God.

O let us cast each vice away,
Beneath the cross each passion lay;
With contrite heart and weeping eye,
Behold the Saviour lifted high,
And every sin and folly fly.

69.—L.M.

Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.

HOW beauteous were the marks divine
That in thy meekness used to shine;
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Lamb of God!

Oh! who like thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light!
Oh! who like thee, did ever go
So patient through a world of woe!

Oh! who like thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men before;
So meek, forgiving, God-like, high,
So glorious in humility.

The bending angels stooped to see
The lisping infant clasp thy knee,
And smile as in a father's eye,
Upon thy mild divinity.

And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

70.—L.M.

It is finished.

'TIS finished!' so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died.
'Tis finished!' yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

'Tis finished!' all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view,
That kings and prophets never knew.

'Tis finished!' Son of God! thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.

71.—S.M.

He was wounded for our transgressions.

BEHOLD th' amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high!
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony!

For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn?

For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died;
'Twas love that bowed his fainting head
And oped his gushing side.

I see, and I adore
In sympathy of love;
I feel the strong attractive power
To lift my soul above.

In thee our hearts unite,
Nor share thy griefs alone,
But from thy cross pursue their flight
To thy triumphant throne.

72.—8,7.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me,
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon our way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace there is that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

73.—6.6.10.

Looking unto Jesus.

THOU, who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
Wearing the form of frail mortality—
Thy blessed labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth—passed to thy home on high.

Man may no longer trace,
In thy celestial face,
The image of the bright, the viewless One;
Nor may thy servants hear,
Save with faith's raptured ear,
Thy voice of tenderness, God's holy Son!

Our eyes behold thee not,
Yet hast thou not forgot
Those who have placed their hope, their trust in thee;
Before thy Father's face
Thou hast prepared a place,
That where thou art, there they may also be.

It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread;
And shall we in dismay,
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

O Thou who art our life,
Be with us through the strife!
Was not thy head by earth's fierce tempests bowed?
Raise Thou our eyes above
To see a Father's love
Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.

Ev'n through the awful gloom,
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to Thee.

74.—P.M.

The disciples' vow.

WE covenant with hand and heart
To follow Christ, our Lord;
With world, and sin, and self to part,
And to obey his word:
To love each other heartily,
In truth and in sincerity;
And under cross, reproach, and shame,
To glorify his holy name.

75.—7s.

If any man will come after me let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour:
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of Life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss,
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, submissive at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time
Love's own sacrifice complete:
'It is finished,' hear Him cry,
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay:
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen; He seeks the skies:
Thither learn of Him to rise.

76.—7s.

God hath made that same Jesus whom ye crucified both Lord and Christ.

BOUND upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled, burning thirst,
By the drooping, death-dewed brow,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks and rending veil,
By earth trembling at his doom,
By yon saints who burst their tomb,
By Eden, promised ere He died
To the felon at his side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is He!
By the last and bitter cry,
The ghost given up in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chambers of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! we know Thee now:
Son of Man! 'Tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
'Lord! they know not what they do!'
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before his throne,
By the rainbow round his brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

77.—4.4.6.

And as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre, and seeth two angels in white, sitting.

WEEP, Zion, weep;
In death's deep sleep
Your King his head doth bow
The lips are silent now,
Whence grace was wont to flow.

In saddest strain
Our songs complain;
What grievous wonder here!
This Son of God, most dear,
Doth fill the mortal bier!

Yet O rejoice!
With soul and voice;
The mystery is fled!
He riseth from the dead,
As our own hearts had said!

78.—7s.

The Lord is risen indeed !

CHRIST the Lord is risen to day !
Sons of men and angels say,
Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
Sing, ye heavens, thou earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done ;
Fought the fight, the battle won ;
Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King !
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Once He died our souls to save ;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave ?

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted head ;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

King of Glory ! Soul of bliss !
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

79.—7s.

He is risen!

ANGEL! roll the rock away,
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See Him rising from the tomb,
Glowing in immortal bloom.

'Tis the Saviour! Angel, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the world's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

Shout, ye saints, in rapturous song!
Let the strain be sweet and strong!
Shout the Son of God this morn
From his sepulchre new-born!

Hail, victorious Jesus, hail!
On thy cloud of glory sail
In long triumph to the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

Heaven displays its portals wide,
Glorious Hero, through them ride!
King of Glory, mount thy throne—
Thy great Father's and thy own.

Powers of Heaven, seraphic quires,
Sing, and sweep your golden lyres;
Sons of men, in humbler strains,
Sing, your mighty Saviour reigns.

80.—L.M.

Easter Day.

And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen.

OH! day of days! shall hearts set free,
No 'minstrel rapture' find for thee?
Thou art the sun of other days,
They shine by giving back thy rays:

Enthroned in thy sovereign sphere
Thou shedd'st thy light on all the year;
Sundays by thee more glorious break,
An Easter Day in every week.

And week days, following in their train,
The fulness of thy blessing gain,
Till all, both resting and employ,
Be one Lord's-day of holy joy.

Then wake, my soul, to high desires,
And earlier light thine altar fires:
The world some hours is on her way,
Nor thinks on thee, thou blessed day:

Or, if she think, it is in scorn:
The vernal light of Easter morn
To her dark gaze no brighter seems,
Than Reason's or the Law's pale beams.

'Where is your Lord?' she scornful asks:
Where is his hire? we know his tasks;
Sons of a King ye boast to be;
'Let us your crowns and treasures see.'

We in the words of Truth reply,
(An angel brought them from the sky,)
'Our crown, our treasure is not here,
'Tis stored above the highest sphere:

'Methinks your wisdom guides amiss,
To seek on earth a Christian's bliss;
We watch not now the lifeless stone:
Our only Lord is risen and gone.'

Yet, even the lifeless stone is dear,
For thoughts of Him who late lay here;
And the base world, now Christ hath died,
Ennobled is and glorified.

No more a charnel-house, to fence
The relics of lost innocence,
A vault of ruin and decay;—
Th' imprisoning stone is rolled away:

'Tis now a cell where angels use
To come and go with heavenly news,
And in the ears of mourners say,
'Come see the place where Jesus lay."

'Tis now a fane, where love can find
Christ everywhere embalmed and shrined;
Aye gathering up memorials sweet,
Where'er she sets her duteous feet.

Oh! joy to Mary first allowed,
When roused from weeping o'er his shroud,
By his own calm, soul soothing tone,
Breathing her name, as still his own!

Joy to the faithful Three renewed,
As their glad errand they pursued!
Happy, who so Christ's word convey,
That He may meet them on their way!

So is it still: to holy tears,
In lonely hours, Christ risen appears:
In social hours, who Christ would see,
Must turn all tasks to charity.

81.—C.M.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

WHEN holy maids and matrons speak
Of Christ's forsaken bed,
And voices, that forbid to seek
The living 'mid the dead;

And when they say, 'Turn wandering heart,'
Thy Lord is risen indeed,
Let pleasure go, put care apart,
'And to his presence speed;'

We smile in scorn: and yet we know
They early sought the tomb,
Their hearts, that now so freshly glow,
Lost in desponding gloom.

They who have sought, nor hope to find,
Wear not so bright a glance:
They who have won their earthly mind,
Less reverently advance.

But where, in gentle spirits, fear
And joy so duly meet,
These sure have seen the angels near,
And kissed the Saviour's feet.

Nor let the Pastor's thankful eye
Their faltering tale disdain,
As on their lowly couch they lie,
Prisoners of want and pain.

O guide us, when our faithless hearts,
From Thee would start aloof,
Where Patience her sweet skill imparts
Beneath some cottage roof:

Revive our dying fires, to burn
High as our anthems soar,
And of our scholars let us learn,
Our own forgotten lore.

82.—C.M.

Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

ON the first christian sabbath eve,
When his disciples met,
O'er his lost fellowship to grieve,
Nor knew the scriptures yet;—

Lo! in the midst his form was seen,
The form in which He died,
Their Master's marred and wounded mien,
His hands, his feet, his side.

Then were they glad their Lord to know,
And hail Him, yet with fear:
Jesus! again thy presence show;
Meet thy disciples here:

Be in our midst! let faith rejoice
Our risen Lord to view,
And make our spirits hear thy voice,
Say, 'Peace be unto you!'

And while with Thee, in social hours,
We commune through thy word,
May our hearts burn, and all our powers
Confess,—'It is the Lord!"

83.—L.M.D.

Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

LORD! who thyself on us didst spend,
From Thee each grace doth still descend;
Beneath whatever woe man mourneth,
Still, still to Thee he ever turneth;
Each widow's mite, each gracious tear,
Each pardon sweet, each virtue's fame,
Asked in whose name mankind they cheer,
All, all make answer in Thy name!

'Tis thou whose pity strong and tender
Alms lavish, service sweet doth render;
'Tis Thou a refuge-place dost raise
For earth's despairing castaways:
Thou lendest still the blind an eye,
The houseless child a home dost find,
The old man saintly daughters kind,
The sick a bed whereon to die.

84.—8.5.

Neither death, nor life, . . : nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

LIFE nor Death shall us dissever
From his love who reigns for ever:
Will He fail us? Never! never!
When to Him we cry!

Sin may seek to snare us,
Fury passion tear us!
Doubt and fear, and grim despair,
Their fangs against us try;

But his might shall still defend us,
And his blessed Son befriend us,
And his Holy Spirit send us
Comfort ere we die!

85.—C.M.

As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

O! MEAN may seem this house of clay—
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Emmanuel trod.

This fleshly robe the Lord did wear,
This watch the Lord did keep,
These burdens sore the Lord did bear,
These tears the Lord did weep.

This world the Master overcame,
This death the Lord did die;
O vanquished world! O glorious shame!
O hallowed agony!

O vale of tears, no longer sad,
Wherein the Lord did dwell!
O holy robe of flesh that clad
Our own Emmanuel!

Our very frailty brings us near
  Unto the Lord of Heaven;
To every grief, to every tear,
  Such glory strange is given.

But not this fleshly robe alone
  Shall link us, Lord, to Thee,
Not always in the tear and groan
  Shall the dear kindred be.

We shall be reckoned for thine own,
  Because thy Heaven we share;
Because we sing around thy throne,
  And thy bright raiment wear.

Thou to our woe who down didst come,
  Who one with us wouldst be,
Wilt lift us to thy Heavenly home,
  Wilt make us one with Thee.

Our earthly garments Thou hast worn,
  And we thy robes shall wear!
Our mortal burdens Thou hast borne
  And we thy bliss may bear!

O mighty grace, our life to live,
  To make our Earth divine;
O mighty grace! thy Heaven to give,
  And lift our life to thine!

O strange the gifts, and marvellous,
  By Thee received and given!
Thou tookest woe and death from us,
  And we receive thy Heaven.

86.—L.M.

He was received up into Heaven and sat on the right hand of God.

JESUS the Lord our souls adore,
A painful sufferer now no more;
High on his Father's throne he reigns
O'er Earth, and Heaven's extensive plains.

His race for ever is complete;
For ever undisturbed his seat;
Myriads of angels round Him fly
And sing his well-gained victory.

Yet 'midst the honours of his throne,
He joys not for himself alone;
His meanest servants share their part,
Share in that royal tender heart.

Raise, raise my soul, thy raptured sight,
With sacred wonder and delight;
Jesus thy own forerunner see
Entered beyond the veil for thee.

Loud let the howling tempest yell,
And foaming waves to mountains swell,
No shipwreck can my vessel fear,
Since hope hath fixed its anchor here.

87.—C.M.

Worthy is the Lamb!

COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus:'
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For He was slain for us.'

Jesus is worthy to receive,
Honour and power divine:
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

88.—7s.

Come, Lord Jesus!

COME, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way, as gives us breath;
Such a Truth, as ends all strife;
Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength:
Such a Light, as shows a feast;
Such a Feast, as mends in length;
Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy, as none can move;
Such a Love, as none can part;
Such a Heart, as joys in love.

89.—L.M.

Come, Lord Jesus!

O SAVIOUR! is thy promise fled?
Nor longer might thy grace endure,
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And preach thy gospel to the poor?

Come, Jesus, come; return again:
With brighter beam thy servants bless,
Who long to feel thy perfect reign,
And share thy kingdom's happiness.

A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home.

Yet, 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
When death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, Redeemer, rest on Thee.

Come, Jesus, come; and as of yore
The Prophet went to clear thy way,
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to thy brighter day;

So now may grace with heavenly shower
Our stony hearts for truth prepare!
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap the harvest there.

90.—S.M.

Come, Lord Jesus !

LORD Jesus ! come ; for here
Our path through wilds is laid ;
We watch as for the day-spring near,
Amid the breaking shade.

Lord Jesus ! come ; for hosts
Meet on the battle-plain :
The patriot mourns, the tyrant boasts,
And tears are shed like rain.

Lord Jesus ! come ; for still
Vice shouts her maniac mirth ;
The famished crave in vain their fill,
While teems the fruitful earth.

Hark ! herald-voices near
Lead on thy happier day :
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear :
We wait to strew thy way.

Come, as in days of old,
With words of grace and power :
Gather us all within thy fold,
And never leave us more.

91.—8.7.4.

Lord, to whom shall we go?

SAVIOUR! needs the world no longer
To rejoice beneath thy light?
Have we lovers sweeter, stronger?
Beams for us a sun more bright?
Are we weary
Of thy mercy and thy might?

Mighty Lord, so high above us,
Loving brother, all our own,
Who will help us, who will love us,
Like to Thee who all hast known—
Who hast provèd
Darksome grave and heavenly throne?

Who so gentle to the sinners
As the soul that never fell?
Who so strong to make us winners
Of the height He won so well?
Alway victor!
Make thine own invincible!

From the cross hath gone the glory?
Seems it less divinely borne?
Sweetest day of man's sad story
Shineth not that rising morn?
Heavenly Dweller!
Leave, O leave not Earth forlorn!

Unarrayed in thy divineness,
Souls and worlds are incomplete;
Spirits bright put on their fineness
Sitting lowly at thy feet;
O our Glory!
Groweth not thy smile more sweet?

Yesterday doth tribute render
To the brightness of thy sway;
O! the holy, happy splendour
That thou pourest on to-day!
Must it vanish?
Hast thou given thine all away?

Endless Lover! never, never
Wilt Thou cease to save and shine;
Yesterday, To-day, For Ever,
All the ages, Lord, are thine!
Come and bless them,
Come and make them more divine!

92.—8.7.

Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's.

LORD! thy gracious voice hath spoken,
Lord! thy faithful ones obey:
Not by us be rudely broken
Christ's command or Cæsar's sway!
God too greatly cannot task us—
Tribute glad we bring the Lord;
Service slight must Cæsar ask us—
Tribute small can we afford.

Yet each holier soul desireth
Nobler Cæsars to appear,
Each diviner hour requireth
Powers and thrones more glorious here—
All our tribute, *all* our treasure
We would spend where we can love;
Jesus! come and be our Cæsar!
Sovereign here, as Lord above.

Low before thy kingdom's splendour,
Make the world's poor kingdom bow!
Lord! to Thee our all we render—
Thou our gracious Cæsar, Thou!
Thy mild monarchy victorious
Half thy word shall needless make.
Our least service shall be glorious—
All our tribute God shall take.

93.—S.M.

Thy kingdom come!

COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.

Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth thine,
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

Come, kingdom of our God!
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless his own.

94.—L.M.

Of his kingdom there shall be no end.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

95.—L.M.

He hath put all things under his feet.

GREAT God! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

With power He vindicates the just,
And treads the oppressor in the dust:
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time, be past.

As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall He send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of over-spreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

96.—C.M.

Whitsunday.

And suddenly there came a sound from Heaven as of a mighty rushing wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.

WHEN God of old came down from Heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

Around the trembling mountain's base
The prostrate people lay;
A day of wrath and not of grace,
A dim and dreadful day.

But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love,
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hover'd his holy Dove.

The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

Like arrows went those lightnings forth
  Winged with the sinner's doom,
But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth,
  Proclaiming life to come:

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
  The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that Angels quake to hear,
  Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud;

So when the spirit of our God
  Came down his flock to find,
A voice from Heaven was heard abroad,
  A rushing mighty wind.

Nor doth the outward ear alone
  At that high warning start;
Conscience gives back the appalling tone;
  'Tis echoed in the heart.

It fills the Church of God; it fills
  The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
  No place for it is found.

To other strains our souls are set:
  A giddy world of sin
Fills ear and brain, and will not let
  Heaven's harmonies come in.

Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
  Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
  Save, Lord, by Love or Fear.

97.—8.7.

Whitsunday.

DAY divine! when in the temple
To the Lord's first lovers came
Glory new and treasure ample,
Mighty gifts and tongues of flame!
Day to happy souls commended,
When the Holy Ghost was given,
When the Comforter descended,
And brought down the joy of Heaven!

Lord! to-day thy people learneth
No past wonder, no strange tale;
Lord! to-day thy people yearneth
Here the Holy Ghost to hail!
O'er again to write this story
Our weak, trembling souls aspire:
Unto us may come the glory—
Full on us may fall the fire!

Hath the Holy Ghost been holden
By those ancient saints alone?
Only may the ages olden
Call the Comforter their own?
Ah! their portion we inherit,
Ours the sorrow, ours the sin!
We beseech the Holy Spirit—
We the Comforter would win.

98.—8.7.

The Spirit's best gifts.

WOULD the Spirit more completely
Make abode with saints of old?
Would the Comforter more sweetly
Thy first lovers, Lord, enfold?
Wonders we may not inherit;
Signs and tongues we do not crave;
Yet we still receive the Spirit—
Still the Comforter we have.

Still are given its gifts most precious;
Open lies its richest store—
We may win its grace most gracious—
We its deepest deep explore!
Signs most glorious, all excelling,
Witness brightest we may show;
Sure the Holy Ghost is dwelling
With the souls that holier grow.

Hope that makes ashamèd never—
Perfect Peace that passeth thought,
Mighty Joy that stayeth ever—
Love divine that changeth not;—
Such the gifts that still are given;—
Such the glory we may boast;
Help us Lord, to this pure Heaven—
Breathe on us the Holy Ghost.

99.—C.M.

The Earnest of the Spirit.

WHY hasteth on this pilgrim throng
As burthened with no cares?
These lowly souls—why swells their song
As though the world were theirs?

What can their happy fulness crave?
Where can their wishes rove?
Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, they have,
The earnest of thy love.

They needs must rest in glorious things
With whom the Spirit dwells,
Sweet messages the Spirit brings—
Great news the Spirit tells.

Lord! if thy gracious voice divine
One whisper sweet lets fall,
They know that Thou hast made them Thine
That Thou hast given them all.

O, if the Lord himself has given,
All else they know must come—
The shining thrones, the blissful heaven,
The everlasting home!

Lord! may not I these tidings hear?
These messages receive?
Assure my soul that she is dear—
To me the Spirit give.

Teach me no other prayer to lift,
No other boon to crave;
Mine all thy grace, mine every gift
If I the Earnest have.

Take all thy other gifts away
But do not Thou remove;
All things remain, if with me stay
This Earnest of thy love.

100.—6.8s.

The sanctification of the Spirit.

CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy Thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing!

Refine and purge our earthly parts,
But O! inflame and fire our hearts,
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul,
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.

101.—C.M.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers:
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise!
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And thine to us so great!

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

102.—7s.

The Fellowship of the Holy Spirit.

HOLY Spirit! into me!
  Glorify this humble home!
Meet again mortality,
  To another temple come!

Holy Spirit! forth from me!
  Sweetly forth,—ah, not away;
Kept thou mayst, yet given be;
  Mighty go, yet mighty stay.

Spirit that with me dost dwell,
  Make thy presence richly known!
Holy deeds send forth to tell
  Of the bright communion!

Peaceful Spirit! hath the soul
  Where thy voice so sweet doth sound,
Of thy mighty music full,
  Ears to hear the roar around?

Cheerful Spirit! where but here
  In this happy home of thine,
Floweth on such gladsome cheer?
  Ever fresh the feast divine!

Holy Spirit! give not o'er;
  Leave not, leave not hallowing me,—
Me thy temple evermore;
  Mine thine own Eternity!

103.—C.M.

The Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive.

SPIRIT of Truth, be Thou my guide!
O clasp my hand in thine,
And let me never quit thy side,
Thy comforts are divine.

Pride scorns Thee for thy lowly mien,
But who, like Thee, can rise
Above this toilsome sordid scene,
Beyond the holy skies?

Weak is thine eye, and soft thy voice,
But wondrous is thy might
To make the wretched soul rejoice,
To give the simple light!

And still to all that seek thy way
This magic power is given,—
E'en while their footsteps press the clay
Their souls ascend to heaven.

104.—L.M.

He shall guide you into all truth.

O HOLY Ghost! Thy heavenly dew
The hearts of sinners can renew;
Thou dost within our breasts abide,
And still to holy actions guide.

Thou mak'st the soul with joy to sing,
When sorrow's clouds are deepening;
With Jesus Christ thou mak'st us one,
Earnest of heaven, from God's high throne.

Best gift of God, and man's true friend,
Into my inmost soul descend;
The mind of Jesus Christ impart,
And consecrate to Thee my heart.

Teach me to do my Father's will,
Beneath his guidance to be still;
Lighten my mind, and oh! incline
My heart to make his pleasure mine.

From spot and blemish make me pure,
My heavenly happiness secure;
When lost in darkness, give me light,
And cheer me through death's dreary night.

105.—7.6.

The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost.

IN the time of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit! comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit! comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit! comfort me!

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal,
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit! comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said—
'Cause my speech is now decayed,—
Sweet Spirit! comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit! comfort me!

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,—
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit! comfort me!

106.—C.M.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit.

LORD! am I precious in thy sight?
Lord, wouldst Thou have me thine?
May it be given me to delight
The Majesty Divine?

What! dost Thou sweetly urge and press
My soul thy Heaven to win?
Lord! dost Thou love my holiness?
Lord! dost Thou hate my sin?

O Holy Spirit! dost Thou mourn
When I from Thee depart?
Dost Thou rejoice when I return
And give Thee back my heart?

O! sweet, strange height of grace divine
My sin thy grief to make—
And this poor faithfulness of mine
For thy delight to take!

Strange height of sin to slight the love
That yearns to make me blest,
And drive away the Heavenly Dove
That fain would be my guest!

O happy Heaven! where thine embrace
I never more shall leave
Nor ever cast away thy grace
Nor once thy Spirit grieve!

O, let me, Lord, each grace possess
That makes thy heaven more bright,
And bring the humble holiness
That gives my God delight.

107.—L.M.

That every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our benighted race!

Be darkness at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in thy path:
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

O Spirit of the Lord! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

108.—L.M.

Repent !

BEHOLD that Prophet heaven-sent,
Like one possessed of wondrous wand,
And hear his cry—Repent, Repent,
For Heaven's Kingdom is at hand !

The sinner's ear to hear is bent—
The livid lepers startled stand ;
All list the cry—Repent, Repent,
For Heaven's Kingdom is at hand !

The present time will soon be spent—
The future owns not man's command ;
Never or Now ! Repent, Repent,
For Heaven's Kingdom is at hand !

All time is God's ; Our life is lent,
Our debts on heaven's record stand,
And Christ calls forth—Repent, Repent,
For Heaven's Kingdom is at hand !

The moments fly—the day is spent—
Death waves us to his shadowy land—
The Night is near—Repent, Repent,
For Heaven's Kingdom is at hand !

Earth yawns and gapes—the grave is rent—
The trumpet warns the ghostly band ;
Christ calls once more—Repent, Repent,
For Heaven's Kingdom is at hand.

109.—L.M.

Retirement.

RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home;
Retired and silent seek them there;
True conquest is ourselves t' o'ercome;
True strength to break the tempter's snare.

And thou, my God, whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

Through all the mazes of my heart
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.

Then with the visits of thy love
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove,
That God hath fixed his dwelling there.

110.—C.M.

Lord! have mercy upon us!

O LORD! I need not to repeat
What I do beg or crave;
Thou know'st, O Lord, before I ask,
The thing that I would have.

Mercy, good Lord! mercy I ask;
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord! is all my suit;
Lord! let thy mercy come!

111.—6.8s.

GREAT God! thy garden is defaced,
The weeds do thrive, the flowers decay;
O! call to mind thy promise past
Restore thou these, cut those away:
Till then, let not the weeds have power
To starve or taint the poorest flower.

112.—6.8s.

I am thine, save me!

O THOU that sitt'st in heaven, and seest
My deeds without, my thoughts within,
Be Thou my Prince, be Thou my Priest;
Command my soul, and cure my sin:
How bitter my afflictions be
I care not, so I rise to Thee.

What I possess or what I crave,
Brings no content, great God, to me,
If what I would, or what I have,
Be not possessed and blest in Thee:
What I enjoy,—O make it mine,
In making me—that have it—Thine.

When winter fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer friends; when eyes grow strange;
When plighted faith forgets its vows;
When earth and all things in it change;—
O Lord! thy mercies fail me never;
Where once thou lov'st, thou lov'st for ever.

113.—L.M.

I was brought low, and He helped me.

GOD of my life, to Thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

Friend of the faithless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with Thee, whose open door,
Invites the helpless and the poor!

Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing answering God,
Supports me under every load.

114.—C.M.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.

LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known,
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone:

A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

O that I now the rest may know,
Believe and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow
And let me cease from sin.

Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

115.—8.9.

Out of the depths have I cried unto thee.

FROM depth of grief, where drowned I lie,
Lord, for relief to thee I cry;
My earnest, vehement crying, praying,
Grant quick, attentive, hearing, weighing.

On Thee, my soul, on Thee, O Lord,
Dependeth whole, and on thy word,
Though sore with blot of sin defacèd,
Yet surest hope hath firmly placèd.

Who longest watch, who soonest rise,
Can nothing match the early eyes,
The greedy eyes my soul erecteth,
When God's good promise it expecteth.

116.—8.4.

Grace.

MY stock lies dead, and no increase
  Doth my dull husbandry improve:
O let thy graces without cease
  Drop from above!

The dew doth every morning fall,
  And shall the dew outstrip thy dove?
The dew, for which grass cannot call,
  Drop from above!

Death is still working like a mole,
  And digs my grave at each remove:
Let grace work too, and on my soul
  Drop from above!

Sin is still hammering my heart
  Unto a hardness, void of love:
Let suppling grace, to cross his art,
  Drop from above!

O come! for Thou dost know the way;
  Or if to me Thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say
  Drop from above!

117.—L.M.

The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to usward.

WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears;
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of Thee!

Oh! let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn;
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply tried
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But O, my Lord, one look from Thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

Thou art as ready to forgive
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore all the praise receive;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

118.—C.M.

God be merciful to me, a sinner!

O HEAVENLY God! O Father dear!
Cast down thy tender eye,
Upon a wretch that prostrate here
Before thy throne doth lie.

O pour thy precious oil of grace
Into my wounded heart!
O let the drops of mercy swage
The rigour of my smart!

Grant mercy then, O Saviour sweet,
To me most woful thrall;
Whose mournful cry to Thee, O Lord,
Doth still for mercy call.

Alas I sigh! alas I sob!
Alas I do repent
That ever my licentious will
So wickedly was bent.

Sith thus therefore with yearnful plain,
Thy mercy, Lord, I crave,
O Lord! for thy great mercies' sake,
Let me thy mercy have!

Restore to life the wretched soul
That else is like to die;
So shall my voice unto thy name,
Sing praise eternally.

119.—L.M.

For Thou hast delivered my soul from death; wilt Thou not deliver my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living?

WHEN gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in Thee?
The fulness of thy promise prove?
The seal of thine eternal love?

A poor blind child, I wander here,
If haply I may feel Thee near!
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amid the blaze of gospel day!

Thee, only Thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only Thou, to me be given,
Of all Thou hast in earth or heaven.

Whom man forsakes, Thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcasts to receive;
Though all my simpleness I own,
And all my faults to Thee are known.

Ah, wherefore did I ever doubt ?
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
A helpless soul that comes to Thee,
With only sin and misery.

Lord, I am sick,—my sickness cure ;
I want,—do Thou enrich the poor ;
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,
O lift the abject sinner up !

Lord, I am blind,—be Thou my sight ;
Lord, I am weak—be Thou my might :
O helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in Thee !

120.—C.M.

Good Lord, deliver me.

IN the dark season of distress,
In sickness, want, or woe ;
If friends desert or foes oppress,
Or trouble lay me low :
If 'reft of those I fondly love,
From earthly ills I flee,
To seek sweet comfort from above,—
Good Lord deliver me !

If wealth be mine, from all the snares
  Which riches with them bring,
Oppression, avarice, worldly cares,
  Ambition's goading sting,
From pride, and from that worst offence,
  Forgetfulness of Thee,
Whose hand that wealth did first dispense,
  Good Lord deliver me!

When on the bed of death, a prey
  To gloomy thoughts I lie,
Or worn by slow disease away,
  Or racked with agony;
Stung with remorse for what hath been,
  And dreading what may be
When death hath closed this mortal scene,—
  Good Lord deliver me!—

And oh! in that appalling hour,
  When, clouds around Thee spread
Thou com'st arrayed in pomp and power,
  To judge both quick and dead;
When trembling, shrinking from thy face
  Thy servant Thou shalt see
A suppliant at the bar of grace,—
  Good Lord deliver me!—

121.—7s.

Kyrie Eleison!

LORD! have mercy when we pray
Strength to seek a better way;
When our waking thoughts begin
First to loathe our cherished sin;
When our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale;
When our tears bedew thy word!
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord!

Lord! have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed and sigh,
Sigh for death, yet fear it still
From the thought of former ill;
When the dim, advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come;
When is loosed the silver cord;
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord!

Lord! have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below:
When its darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex and fears distress;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of thy bright but distant heaven;
Then thy fostering grace afford;
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord!

122.—6.6.4.

Give us help from trouble; for vain is the help of man.

LOWLY and solemn be,
Thy children's cry to Thee,
  Father divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
  Alike are thine!

O Father! in that hour
When earth all succouring power
  Shall disavow;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down;
  Sustain us, Thou!

By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
  The thorn, the rod;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away;
  Aid us, O God!

Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
  Father divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us in life and death,
  Thine, only thine!

123.—7s.

Godly Sorrow.

SORE the burdens, Lord, we bear,
  Bitter, Lord, the tears we weep;
Once thy happy ones we were—
  Faithful now thy mourners keep:
Meekly be each burden borne—
Help us holily to mourn.

No sweet gift do we receive?
  Nay, behold thy bitter cup!
Have we nothing left to give?
  Lord! our tears we offer up!
No bright garland do we wear?
Nay, thy burdens, Lord, we bear.

Humbly clasp we each dread gift—
  Lo! the burden groweth light:
Heavenward our sad eyes we lift—
  In our tears what strange delight!
Joy of grief thy love will make,
If in love our grief we take.

From our want flows precious store;
  In our grief thy grace appears;
Heavenly wings, those burdens sore,
  Dews divine, those bitter tears!
Stricken faith hath glory given,
Sorrow lets us into Heaven.

124.—L.M.

I am not alone, because the Father is with me.

O AWFUL hour, when all alone,
My soul unto her foes is given;
When not a smile my path doth own,
And not a star shines in my Heaven!

O trembling soul! thou back would'st turn,
Wouldst from the lonely terror shrink;
This awful lore I need not learn:—
This bitter cup,—O, must I drink?

Must I, my God?—But O why shine
The depths of my dark loneliness?
O what can make this hour divine—
This shuddering soul so strangely bless?

That vision bright, it fills mine eye!
The same my Saviour saw of old!
O Father mine! Thou standest by,
And thy dear hand the cup doth hold!

O vision bright! no more my soul
The loneliness doth lonely think;
Thou givest me the bitter bowl—
It must be sweet,—I smile and drink!

125.—C.M.

For Thou hast been my defence and refuge in the day of my trouble.

O THOU ! who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee ?

The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown,
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And ev'n the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too ;

Oh ! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
With healing from above.

Then, sorrow touched by Thee grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

126.—C.M.

The longsuffering of our Lord is salvation.

WEAK tremblers on the edge of woe,
  Yet shrinking from true bliss,
Our rest must be 'no rest below,'
  And let our prayer be this:

'Lord, wave again thy chastening rod,
  'Till every idol throne
'Crumble to dust, and Thou, O God,
  'Reign in our hearts alone.

'Bring all our wandering fancies home,
  'For Thou hast every spell,
'And mid the heathen where they roam
  'Thou knowest, Lord, too well.

'Thou know'st our service, sad and hard,
  'Thou know'st us fond and frail;—
'Win us to be beloved and spared
  'When all the world shall fail.

'So when at last our weary days
  "Are well nigh wasted here,
'And we can trace thy wondrous ways
  'In distance calm and clear,

'When in thy love and Israel's sin
  'We read our story true,
'We may not, all too late, begin
  'To wish our hopes were new:

'Long loved, long tried, long spared, as they
'Unlike in this alone,
'That, by thy grace, our hearts shall stay
'For evermore thy own.'

127.—L.M.

Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity, and quicken thou me in thy way.

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

128.—C.M.

Draw nigh unto my soul, and redeem it.

OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return!
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame:
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

129.—L.M.

In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.

O! WHEREFORE fall my tears so fast?
Why, Saviour, is my soul o'ercast?
Why should the world my conqueror be?
The world was overcome by Thee!

What sorrows can possess with fear
The soul Thou biddest be of cheer?
O vanquished can that trembler be
Thou tellest of thy victory?

O Thou for whom the strife was strong,
Thou who hast sung the conqueror's song,
Uphold *me* through the holy war,
Make me a smiling conqueror.

Thy bidding is not vainly sweet
Thy cheerful soul my soul doth greet;
Thou vanquishest—*my* foes are down,
For *me* the cross, for *me* the crown!

I fight upon thy battle field,
Thy holy arms are mine to wield,—
Against me comes each foe of thine—
Repeat thy victory in mine!

Weak world! in vain thy powers uprise,
Thy sorrows vainly melt mine eyes;
This bitter life my Master led—
This world my Saviour vanquished!

Dear Conqueror! thy sweet words I hear,
Mine, mine the fulness of their cheer:
I too the world may overcome!
I too may win the Heavenly Home!

130.—L.M.

Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.

O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight:
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

A broken heart, my God, my King!
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord my strength and righteousness.

131.—C.M.

My soul cleaveth unto the dust; quicken Thou me according to thy word.

MY soul lies cleaving to the dust,
Lord give me life divine!
From vain desires, and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quickening powers;
Thy word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest hours.

Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And Thou a faithful God?
Wilt Thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace.

Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt thy quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

132.—C.M.

Order my steps in thy word.

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

My soul hath gone too far astray;
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

133.—C.M.

Spiritual Ups and Downs.

O! WHEREFORE hath my spirit leave
To come so near my God—
And yet so soon must gaze and grieve
O'er the abandon'd road?

I feel my God almost possessed,
The heavenly land half won,
The blissful greeting of the Blest,
The eternal song begun:—

O wings that drop! O strains that die!
O light that fades away!
O fleeting People of the Sky!
O Heaven that will not stay!

How bravely now I walk and leap,
Mine own Almighty nigh!
Anon, poor weakling, low I creep,
Afraid my wings to try.

What sweetness in thy presence, Lord,
What glory in thy smile!
Thine awful voice, how quickly heard!
Ah, wherefore, but awhile?

How faintly sounds each sweet command!
  Thy Son's dear face, how dim!
Yet would I smile at thy right hand,
  Yet would I reign with Him!

Lord, help this earnest, helpless will,
  Lord, lay thy hand on me!
Shall I not climb thy Holy Hill?
  Shall I not dwell with Thee?

134.—C.M.

I will praise Thee with uprightness of heart when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

O! WHEREFORE, Lord, doth thy dear praise
  But tremble on my tongue?
Why lack my lips sweet skill to raise
  A full triumphant song?

How should the heart divinely glow
  That flees thy righteousness?
Thy broken law doth dull me so—
  My sins thy praise oppress.

O make me, Lord, thy statutes learn,
Keep in thy ways my feet!
Then shall my lips divinely burn,
Then shall my songs be sweet.

Each sin I cast away shall make
My soul more strong to soar;
Each deed of holiness shall wake
A strain divine the more.

My voice shall more delight thine ear,
The more I wait on Thee—
Thy service bring my song more near
The angelic harmony.

O wherefore swells so sweet above
The everlasting hymn?
Thy will they work, thy law they love,
Those tuneful Seraphim!

When, Lord, shall perfect Holiness
Make my poor voice divine,
And all harmonious Heaven confess
No sweeter song than mine?

135.—L.M.

Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

O DEEM not they are blest alone
  Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man has shown
  A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
  The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
  Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
  For every dark and troubled night:
And grief may bide an evening guest,
  But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier,
  Sheddest the bitter drops like rain!
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere,
  Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
  Though life its common gifts deny!
Though with a pierced and broken heart
  And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
  And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
  For all his children suffer here.

136.—L.M.D.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

DIDST thou, poor soul, for Freedom burn?
  Were thine the stripes that Virtue bore?
With Wrong was thy long battle stern?
  Did wounded Justice wound thee sore?
Wept'st thou when some great spirit broke
  Its wings against the prison-bars?
Or when some sweet soul earth forsook,
  Too tender for the vale of tears?

Was it thy portion to maintain
  Fierce fight against the tempter's power?
A bower of bliss when thou didst gain,
  Straight must thou seek some fairer bower?
O! triumph now, poor soul forlorn,
  Thou goest to a world more bright,
Where all thy glory is new-born,
  Where thy best treasure grows more bright:

There, there are all those tender tears,
  Thou wept'st in exile from thy home—
There, there are all those holy prayers,
  That from thy loving heart did come;
There all thy bright young dreams divine
  Rise round thee in fulfilment sweet;
And all those waiting friends of thine,
  With outstretched hands the lingerer greet.

Visits thee not some gleam, that flings
  Its lustre pale o'er death's dark shade?
O! hear'st thou not the rustling wings
  Of angels hastening to thine aid?
One other hour of mortal pain,—
  One other trembling, fond, farewell,—
Then sleep, in hope to wake again,
  And with thy God for ever dwell!

137.—6.8s.

For I shall yet praise Him.

WHILE the Angels all are singing,
All of glory ever springing
In the grounds of Heaven's high graces
Where all virtues have their places,
O that my poor soul were near them
With a humble heart to hear them!

But ah! wretched sinful creature!
How should the corrupted nature
Of this wicked heart of mine,
Think upon that love divine,
That doth tune the angels' voices,
Whilst the Host of Heaven rejoices?

Yet while mercy is removing
All the sorrows of the loving,
How can faith be full of blindness,
To despair of mercy's kindness,
While the hand of Heaven is giving
Comfort from the Ever-Living?

No! my soul, be no more sorry!
Look unto that life of glory,
Which the grace of faith regardeth,
And the tears of love rewardeth,
Where the soul the comfort getteth,
That the angel's music setteth!

There, when thou art well conducted,
And by heavenly grace instructed
How the faithful thoughts to fashion
Of a ravished lover's passion,
Sing with saints to angels nighest,
"Hallelujah in the highest!"

138.—C.M.

I have seen an end of all perfection, but thy commandment is exceeding broad.

HOW eagerly my heart hath sought
And scorned each foolish gain!
Each thing I longed for hath been brought
And brought to me in vain.

Alas! this heart too well hath learned
The bitter in each sweet;
The imperfect excellence hath mourned,
The glory incomplete.

Yet, Lord! to glory measureless
Thou bidd'st my soul arise,
And settest thine own perfectness
Before my longing eyes.

Yet, Lord, I hear thy voice command
These halting feet of mine
To traverse all the Holy Land,
And climb each height divine.

I who have travelled far and found
Small cheer upon the road,
May trace an endless Holy Ground,—
Yes, sweetly walk with God.

What, weep I, Lord, because no more
Unto my soul is given,—
I, who may take of thine own store,
And dwell in thine own Heaven?

I'll mourn no more that still from me
Perfection doth remove,
But seek thy perfect purity,
And pray thy perfect love.

139.—6.8s.

Make me to understand the way of thy precepts: so shall I talk of thy wondrous works.

FOUNTAIN of light and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade!
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade:
Confound the proud in their pretence
And let thy wings be my defence.

Lord God of gods, before whose throne
Stand storms and fire! O what shall we
Return to heaven, that is our own,
When all the world belongs to thee?
We have no offerings to impart
But praises and a wounded heart.

Great God, whose kingdom hath no end,
Into whose secrets none can dive,
Whose mercy none can apprehend,
Whose justice none can feel,—and live!
What my dull heart cannot aspire
To *know*, Lord teach me to *admire*.

140.—C.M.

I will run the way of thy commandment, when thou shalt enlarge my heart.

INFINITE Power, Eternal Lord,
How sovereign is thy hand!
All nature rose t' obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.

With steady course thy shining sun
Keeps his appointed way:
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

But ah! how wide my spirit flies
And wanders from a God!
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,
And treads the downward road.

Shall creatures of a meaner frame
Pay all their dues to Thee:
Creatures, that never knew thy name,
That never loved like me?

Great God, create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to thine,
Melt down my will, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

Then shall my feet no more depart,
Nor wandering senses rove;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions love.

Then not the sun shall more than I
His Maker's law perform,
Nor travel swifter through the sky,
Nor with a zeal so warm.

141.—C.M.

I have inclined my heart to perform thy statutes always even unto the end.

WOULD I not, Lord, for evermore,
Thy gladsome servant be?
Is it not sweet to travel o'er
All the rough way with Thee?

O meaneth not this soul of mine
Its all on Thee to spend?
To keep the Covenant Divine
Unbroken to the end?

Methinks my feet can never tire,
My love can never fail;
O what can stay such strong desire?
Thy pilgrim must prevail.

My glowing vows Thou soon dost win,
But will the passion stay?
How sweet the journey to begin,
How hard to keep the way!

Alas! my feet already tire,
Mine eyes already rove;
They miss the Heaven of my desire,
They lose the path I love!

Walk with me Lord through all the road;
Thy fiery pillar lend!
Close on thy shining steps, my God,
I needs must reach the end

142.—8.8.6.

For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, our consolation also aboundeth by Christ.

SORROW and love go side by side;
Nor height nor depth can e'er divide
  Their heaven-appointed bands;
Those dear associates still are one,
Nor till the race of life is run
  Disjoin their wedded hands.

Jesus, avenger of our fall,
Thou faithful lover above all
  The cross has ever borne!
O tell me,—life is in thy voice—
How much afflictions were thy choice
  And sloth and ease thy scorn!

Thy choice and mine shall be the same,
Inspirer of that holy flame,
  Which must for ever blaze!
To take the cross and follow Thee,
Where love and duty lead, shall be
  My portion and my praise.

143.—C.M.

Be thou my strong habitation whereunto I may continually resort.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize, to Thee;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or will withhold, from me.

Thy favor all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth!

But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils the skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

144.—8.8.7.

Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

LORD! my humble supplication
Hear, and hear with acceptation,
In thy dooms of truth and right;
Judge, but judge not Thou severely,
For, if Thou observe us nearly
None are blameless in thy sight.

On the times now past I ponder,
And on all the works of wonder
Which were framed by thy hands;
Thee I seek with due submission,
And my soul for thy fruition
Longeth as the thirsty lands.

Lord, with speed give ear unto me,
And thy face divert not from me,
For my spirits feeble grow;
Since on Thee I have depended,
Let me timely be defended,
Lest into the grave I go.

Guide my feet by thy direction,
For Thou hast my heart's affection,
Me from all my foes release;
Lord, my God! my safe abiding!
Bring me by thy Spirit's guiding
To the land of righteousness.

Grace to do thy pleasure give me,
For thy name's sake, Lord! revive me;
Let thy justice be my guard;
Yea, destroy, of thy compassion,
Those that seek my soul's vexation,
For I am thy servant, Lord!

145.—7s.

Lovest thou me?

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord:
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
'Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?

'I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding, healed the wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

'Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

'Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done:
Partner of my throne shalt be:—
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?'

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint:
Yet I love Thee and adore:
Oh for grace to love Thee more!

146.—L.M.

Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.

LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of Providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns without a smile:
We through the cloud believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

Through seas and storms of deep distress,
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the briers and the night.

Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
  Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
  Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

147.—8.8.8.7.

There is no fear in love.

SINCE life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it—I am well content,
And meekly wait my last remove,
Seeking only growth in love.

No bliss I seek, but to fulfil
In life, in death, thy lovely will;
No succours in my woes I want,
Save what Thou art pleased to grant.

Our days are numbered, let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care:
'Tis thine to number out our days;
Our's to give them to thy praise.

Love is our only business here,
Love, simple, constant and sincere;
O blessed days thy servants see,
Spent, O Lord! in pleasing Thee!

148.—L.M.

Pray without ceasing.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer makes the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

Have you no words? Ah! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

149.—7.6.

Pray without ceasing.

GO when the morning shineth,—
  Go when the noon is bright,—
Go when the eve declineth,—
  Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
  Cast every fear away—
And in thy chamber kneeling,
  Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
  All who are loved by thee,
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
  If any such there be;
Then for thyself in meekness
  A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
  Thy great Redeemer's name.

But if 'tis e'er denied thee
  In solitude to pray,—
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
  When friends are round thy way;
E'en then the silent breathing,
  The spirit raised above,
Will reach the throne of glory
  Of mercy, truth, and love.

Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness
Before his footstool fall,—
Remember in thy gladness
His love, who gave thee all!
Oh! not a joy or blessing
With this we can compare,
The power that has been given us
To pour our souls in prayer!

150.—P.M.

Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

AS down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee.
My God! silent to Thee—
Pure, warm, silent to Thee!
So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
Lo, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee!
My God! trembling to Thee,
True, fond, trembling to Thee!
Lo, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee!

151.—C.M.

Prayer.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
The watchword at the gates of death,
He enters Heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways:
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say "Behold, he prays!"

The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.

O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

152.—S.M.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth, and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey:
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Put thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on;
Fix on his word thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time—thy darkest night
Shall end in brightest day!

153.—L.M.

Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth.

WISH not, dear friends, my pain away,—
  Wish me a wise and thankful heart,
With God, in all my griefs, to stay,
  Nor from his loved correction start.

The dearest offering He can crave
  His portion in our souls to prove,
What is it to the gift He gave,
  The only Son of his dear love?

But we, like vexed unquiet sprights,
  Will still be hovering o'er the tomb,
Where buried lie our vain delights,
  Nor sweetly take a sinner's doom.

In Life's long sickness evermore
  Our thoughts are tossing to and fro:
We change our posture o'er and o'er,
  But cannot rest, nor cheat our woe.

Were it not better to lie still,
  Let Him strike home, and bless the rod,
Never so safe as when our will
  Yields undiscerned by all but God?

Thy precious things, whate'er they be
That haunt and vex thee, heart and brain,
Look at the Cross, and thou shalt see
How thou may'st turn them all to gain.

Lovest thou praise? the Cross is shame:
Or ease? The Cross is bitter grief:
More pangs than tongue or heart can frame
Were suffered there without relief.

We of that altar would partake,
But cannot quit the cost—no throne
Is ours, to leave for Thy dear sake—
We cannot do as Thou hast done.

We cannot part with Heaven for Thee—
Yet guide us in thy track of love:
Let us gaze on where light should be,
Though not a beam the clouds remove.

So wanderers ever fond and true
Look homeward through the evening sky,
Without a streak of Heaven's soft blue
To aid Affection's dreaming eye.

The wanderer seeks his native bower,
And we will look and long for Thee,
And thank Thee for each trying hour,
Wishing, not struggling, to be free.

154.—6.8s.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.

WHEN adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs—
When life her throng of care reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals—
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That, 'as my day, my strength shall be.'—

When with sad footsteps, memory roves
'Mid smitten joys, and buried loves,—
When sleep my tearful pillow flies,
And dewy morning drinks my sighs,—
Still to thy promise, Lord, I flee,
That, 'as my day, my strength shall be.'—

One trial more must yet be past,
One pang—the keenest and the last;
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering heartstrings fail,
Redeemer, grant my soul to see
That, 'as her day, her strength shall be.'

155.—6.4.

I will draw near unto Thee.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me:
Still all my song would be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams, I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me,
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise:
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly:
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

156.—148th.

The Lord is thy keeper.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower
To which I fly,
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

My feet shall never slide,
Or fall in fatal snares;
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep
Shall Israel keep
When dangers rise.

No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun,
And Thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

Hast Thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

157.—C.M.

O Lord God of my salvation, I have cried day and night before Thee.

FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Shoots through the darkest night;
In deep retirement Thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

There shall that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

O may thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame;
While my warm vows to Thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.

So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above
Thy suppliant to confess.

158.—L.M.

Thou hast beset me behind and before.

LORD Thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all my powers.

My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known:
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my opening lips they break.

Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

Amazing knowledge! vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

'O may these thoughts possess my breast
'Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
'Nor let my weaker passions dare
'Consent to sin, for God is there!'

159.—C.M.

O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me.

TO Thee, my God, my days are known
  My soul enjoys the thought;
My actions all before thy face,
  Nor are my faults forgot.

Each secret breath devotion vents
  Is vocal to thine ear;
And all my walks of daily life
  Before thine eye appear.

The vacant hour, the active scene,
  Thy mercy shall approve;
And every pang of sympathy,
  And every care of love.

Each golden hour of beaming light
  Is gilded by thy rays;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
  A present God surveys.

Full in thy view through life I pass,
  And in thy view I die;
And, when each mortal bond is broke,
  Shall find my God is nigh.

160.—C.M.

I will hear what God the Lord will speak; for He will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints.

TALK with us Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

With Thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.

Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'Tis all my wish to seek;
T' attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.

Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.

161.—C.M.

Let thy loving-kindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

WHILE Thee I seek, protecting power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the powers of thought bestowed,
To Thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on Thee.

162.—C.M.

Thou hast made with me an everlasting covenant.

MY God, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure,

Since Thou, the everlasting God,
My father art become;
Jesus my guardian, and my friend,
And heaven my final home;

I welcome all thy sovereign will;
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what Thou dost,
I wait the light above.

Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
And when my eyelids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

163.—C.M.

Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord.

SHINE forth, eternal Source of light,
And make thy glories known;
Fill our enlarged adoring sight
With lustre all thy own.

Vain are the charms, and faint the rays
The brightest creatures boast,
And all their grandeur, and their praise
Is in thy presence lost.

To know the author of our frame
  Is our sublimest skill:
True science is to read thy name,
  True life t'obey thy will.

For this I long, for this I pray,
  And following on pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
  Fix and complete the view.

164.—S.M.D.

Watch and Pray.

THE praying Spirit breathe,
  The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath
  Call off my peaceful heart:
My feeble mind sustain,
  By worldly thoughts opprest;
Appear and bid me turn again
  To my eternal rest.

Swift to my rescue come,
  Thy own this moment seize;
Gather my wandering spirit home,
  And keep in perfect peace:
Suffered no more to rove
  O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
  And shut me up in God.

165.—10s.

O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the Spirit give by which I pray;
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed:
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed
That quickens only where Thou say'st it may:
Unless Thou show to us thine own true way
No man can find it: Father! Thou must lead.
Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind
By which such virtue may in me be bred
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread;
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of Thee,
And sound thy praises everlastingly.

166.—C.M.D.

I will seek after Thee.

THE bird let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wings, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee.
No sin to cloud—no lure to stay
My soul, as-home she springs:
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings!

167.—L.M.

Take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

O THOU who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire t' impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze:
And trembling to its source return,
In humble love and fervent praise.

Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To walk, and speak, and think for Thee:
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

168.—C.M.

The Inner Life.

ALAS the outer emptiness!
What life has it to give?
Oh! shall it God's own fire oppress?
Soul, wilt thou slightly live?

Some joy of thine own seeking win;
To thine own strength repair:
Breathe, breathe the awful life within—
Feel all the glory there!

Thyself amidst the silence clear—
The world far off and dim—
Thy vision free—the Bright One near—
Thyself alone with Him!

The silence throngèd gloriously
With business how divine!
God's glory passing unto thee—
All heaven becoming thine—

The rapture, mighty, measureless,
In each eternal thing—
The mingling with Almightiness—
The dwelling by Life's Spring!

Thus sweetly live, thus greatly watch—
Soul, be but inly bright!
All outer things must smile, must catch
Thy strong transcendent light.

Near thee no darkness dares abide,
Thou makest all things shine;
Soul, whom the Lord has glorified,
Is not all glory thine?

169.—C.M.

All things are yours.

OPE, ope, my Soul! around thee press
A thousand things divine;
All Glory and all Holiness
Are waiting to be thine.

Lie open, Soul! be swift to catch
Each glory ere it flies;
Life's hours are charged, to those who watch,
With heavenly messages.

Lie open; Love and Duty stand,
Thy guardian angels, near;
To lead thee gently by the hand,—
Their words of welcome hear.

Lie open, Soul! the Beautiful
That all things doth embrace,
Shall every passion sweetly lull
And clothe thee in her grace.

Lie open, Soul! the Great and Wise
About thy portal throng,
The wealth of souls before thee lies
Their gifts to thee belong.

Lie open, Soul! lo, Jesus waits
To enter thine abode,
Messiah lingers at thy gates,—
Let in the Son of God!

Receive him, Soul! He with Him brings
The blest ones from above;
The heavenly hosts stretch forth their wings
To seek and know thy love.

Lie open, Soul! in watchfulness
Each brighter glory win;
The Infinite thy peace shall bless,
And God shall enter in!

O awful joy! O Life divine!
O bliss too great, too full!
Earth, Man, Heaven, Angels, all are thine
And thou art God's, my soul!

170.—C.M.

By the grace of God I am what I am.

SWEET, sweet these joys that throng me so—
Bright, bright this dwelling place;
But sweeter, Lord, these joys may grow,—
These visits of Thy Grace!

O sweet each gracious soul that lends
My Soul its dear embrace;
But O what heights the love ascends
That feels itself Thy Grace!

Sweet sounds the praise man's lips let fall?
Too fair doth glory shine?
Then make the joy celestial,
The glory, Grace Divine!

This glowing heart must sorrow learn—
Tears these glad smiles replace;
But O these tears to smiles may turn
And grief may end in Grace.

My Father! each delightful hour
Unveils thy smiling face;
I gather every glorious flower,
And thank my God of Grace.

At home I breathe the quiet fair—
I cast my soul abroad—
I do the work—I lift the prayer—
Still, still my Gracious God.

Each step, each look, each thought of mine
My Gracious God lets in;
All, all my joys are Gifts Divine—
All, all is Grace I win!

O eager make my teeming soul
To offer its embrace,—
Of thy dear bounty bountiful,
And gracious with Thy Grace!

Thou who divinely blessest me
  Make me divinely bless;
O may my whole Eternity
  My God of Grace express!

171.—P.M.

Lo, I come, to do thy will, O God!

LO! I come, with joy to do
  The Master's blessed will:
Him in outward works pursue,
  And serve his pleasure still.
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
  I still would choose the better part;
Serve with careful *Martha's* hands,
  And loving *Mary's* heart.

Careful, without care I aim,
  Nor feel my happy toil,
Kept in peace by Jesus' name,
  Supported by his smile:
Joyful thus my faith to show,
  I find his service my reward;
Every work I do below,
  I do it to the Lord.

Thou, O Lord, in tender love,
  Dost all my burdens bear!
Lift my heart to things above,
  And fix it ever there!
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
  'Midst busy multitudes alone,
Sweetly waiting at thy feet,
  Till all thy will be done!

Thou, O Lord, my portion art,
  Before I hence remove!
Now my treasure and my heart
  Are all laid up above:
Far above all earthly things,
  While yet my hands are here employed,
Sees my soul the King of kings,
  And freely talks with God.

O that all the art might know
  Of living thus to Thee!
Find their heaven begun below,
  And here thy glory see!
Walk in all the works prepared
  By thee to exercise thy grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
  And see thy glorious face!

172.—L.M.

Whether, therefore, ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.

FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task thy wisdom hath assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfil!
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy acceptable will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

173.—C.M.

We are seeking the Lord.

O SAINTS of old! not yours alone
These words most high shall be;
We take the glory for our own—
Lord! we are seeking Thee!

Not only when ascends the song
And soundeth sweet the word—
Not only midst the Sabbath throng
Our souls would seek the Lord.

We mingle with another throng
And other words we speak;
To other business we belong,
But still our Lord we seek.

Would we against some wrong be bold
And stay the Tyrant's sword?
Amid the strife and stir behold
The seekers of the Lord!

Yes, we who every yoke would break
Who every soul would free;
The World our calling doth mistake—
Lord, we are seeking Thee!

What glory on our work would shine—
Ah poor aspirants we!
Were not our business all divine,
Were we not seeking Thee!

O mean may seem the work we do;
O vile the name we earn:
But Thou hast eyes to look us through;
Thy seekers, Lord, discern!

We lose, we lack that men may gain,
We suffer and we smile;
But why this joy amidst the pain?
We seek our Lord the while!

Where bright Thy beauty smiles around,
Where breathes Thy fragrancy,
O tread we not on Holy Ground?
Are we not seeking Thee?

Yet boldly may we taste Thy cheer,
Of rapture take our fill,
Thy grace and glory, Lord, are here,
And we are seekers still!

O everywhere, O every day
Thy grace is still outpoured;
We work, we wait, we smile, we pray,
Behold Thy seekers, Lord!

174.—C.M.

O Lord, truly I am thy servant.

O! NOT to fill the mouth of fame
My longing soul is stirred;
O give me a diviner name!
Call me thy servant, Lord!

Sweet title that delighteth me—
Rank earnestly implored;
O what can reach my dignity?
I am thy servant, Lord!

No longer would my soul be known
As self-sustained and free;
O! not mine own, O! not mine own,
Lord, I belong to Thee!

In each aspiring burst of prayer
Sweet leave my soul would ask
Thine every burden, Lord, to bear,
To do thine every task.

For ever, Lord, thy servant choose,—
Nought of thy claim abate!
The glorious name I would not lose,
Nor change the sweet estate.

In life, in death, on Earth, in Heaven
No other name for me!
The same sweet style and title given
Through all eternity.

175.—C.M.

Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee.

DO not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each cursed Idol out,
That dares to rival Thee.

Do I not love Thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love!
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

Hast Thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round thy throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?

Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord:
But O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

176.—C.M.

So run that ye may obtain.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee
Have I my race begun;
And crowned with victory at thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

177.—L.M.

A good soldier of Jesus Christ.

STAND up, my soul! shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross
And sang the triumph when He rose.

What though thine inward lusts rebel,
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.

Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate,
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

There shall I wear a starry crown
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

178.—L.M.

My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart.

AWAKE, our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint:

Thee, mighty God whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away and droop and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode:
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

179.—8.7.

Let us run with patience the race that is set before us.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
'Life is but an empty dream,'
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

180.—C.M.

Grace and Gratitude.

LORD! come too many gifts from Thee
For us to mark each gift?
Down streams thy grace too plenteously
Our spirits up to lift?

Thy light would glorify our lot;
Thyself besets our way:
And yet thine ingrates feel Thee not,
And yet thy Pilgrims stray.

Still sometimes glorious grows the road
And grateful raptures come,
All close and tender feels our God,—
All near appears our home.

Some sweet surprise our souls doth take
Straight to the heavenly throne:—
Some sudden blaze of bliss doth make
The Lord's bright presence known.

Or midst some mighty woe awhile
Our gracious God appears,
And strangely beams the Eternal Smile
Amidst the mortal tears.

Alas these visits rare and rude
Unto thy Holy Place!—
Our weak wild bursts of gratitude—
Thy calm, clear deeps of grace!

O never shall thy mercy make
Our souls to rest in thine?
Nor mortal gratitude partake
The flow of Grace Divine?

When shall our grateful raptures rise
Fast as thy grace descends,
And link to endless harmonies
The love that never ends?

181.—C.M.

Every day will I bless Thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice
More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

182.—8s.

He shall be as a watered garden.

I BLESS Thee, Lord, because I grow
Among thy trees which in a row
To Thee both fruit and order owe.

What open force or hidden charm
Can blast my fruit, or bring me harm,
While the inclosure is thine arm?

Inclose me still, for fear I start;
Be to me rather sharp and tart
Than let me want thy hand and art.

When Thou dost greater judgments spare
And with thy knife but prune and pare,
E'en fruitful trees more fruitful are.

Such sharpness shows the sweetest friend;
Such cuttings rather heal than rend,
And such beginnings touch their end.

183.—8.7.

In thy light shall we see light.

I AM the Rose so softly through
The floating vapours gleaming;—
But thou, O Love, art like the Dew
Upon my blossoms streaming.

I am the Gem, in gloomy place
No splendours round me flinging;—
Thou art the Sunshine on my face
Bright hues from darkness bringing.

I am the Cloud of dusky grey,
Along the sky extending;—
Thou art the Rainbow on me, gay
With various colours blending.

I am the Memnon, dumb and dead
When night is all surrounding;—
Thou openest, like the Morning red,
My lips with music sounding.

I am the Man in sorrows tried,
A pilgrim care-attended;
Thou art my Helper and my Guide,
God's Angel strong and splendid.

184.—C.M.

Then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

There if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life
Sweet Source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, Thou art mine!

What thanks I owe Thee and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

185.—L.M.

Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.

HOW blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!

Their streaming tears together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe:
Their ardent prayers together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face;
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When nature droops her sickening fire:
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy because of love.

186.—P.M.

He forgetteth not the cry of the humble.

SOUL! fear not lest the harmony
Of spheres all tuneful at one time
Great Nature's myriad-voicèd chime
For thy weak voice too strong may be.

O! all the while the spheres are ringing,
Yea while the seven bright Heavens are singing,
While all the people of the sky
Unto their Lord make melody,

The Lord still listens for thy part;—
Each echo faint from a lone heart,
Upbeareth heavenward ere it dieth,
The humblest voice 'My God!' that crieth.

187.—L.M.

My house shall be called a house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves.

THY mansion is the Christian's heart;
O Lord, thy dwelling place secure!
Bid the unruly throng depart
And leave the consecrated door.

Devoted as it is to Thee,
A thievish swarm frequents the place;
They steal away my joys from me
And rob my Saviour of his praise.

There, too, a sharp designing trade
Sin, Satan, and the world maintain;
Nor cease to press me, and persuade
To part with ease, and purchase pain.

I know them, and I hate their din,
Am weary of the bustling crowd;
But while their voice is heard within,
I cannot serve Thee as I would.

Oh for the joy thy presence gives!
What peace shall reign when Thou art here!
Thy presence makes this den of thieves
A calm delightful house of prayer.

And if Thou make thy temple shine
Yet, self abased will I adore;
The gold and silver are not mine,
I give Thee what was thine before.

188.—C.M.

Your life is hid, with Christ, in God.

O HAPPY soul that lives on high,
While men lie groveling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

His conscience knows no secret stings,
While peace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

He waits in secret on his God;
His God in secret sees:
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of sinners climb.

He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To raise his figure here:
Content and pleased to live unknown,
Till Christ, his life, appear.

He looks to heaven's eternal hill
To meet that glorious day:
But patient waits his Saviour's will
To fetch his soul away.

189.—C.M.

Hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts, by the Holy Ghost which is given us.

MY God! I know, I feel Thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renewed I am.

I hold Thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let Thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

When shall I see the welcome hour,
That plants my God in me?
Spirit of health and life and power,
And perfect liberty!

Jesus, thine all victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove
Rooted and fixed in God.

Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdue,
(Mine own unconquerable sin)
And form my soul anew.

Love can bow down the stubborn neck
The stone to flesh convert,
Soften, and melt, and pierce and break
An adamantine heart.

O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

O that it now from heaven might fall
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come!

Refining fire go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part
And sanctify the whole.

No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While purified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always see his face.

My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
But Christ be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

190.—C.M.

Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.

THRICE happy souls, who born from heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Thus all their days with God begin
And spend them in his fear!

So may our eyes with holy zeal
Prevent the dawning day;
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name and pray.

'Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

As sanctified to noblest ends
  Be each refreshment sought;
And by each various providence
  Some wise instruction brought.

When to laborious duties called,
  Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
  And in thy strength confide.

As different scenes of life arise,
  Our grateful hearts would be
With Thee amidst the social band,
  In solitude with Thee.

At night we lean our weary heads
  On thy paternal breast;
And safely folded in thine arms
  Resign our powers to rest.

In solid pure delights, like these,
  Let all my days be past,
Nor shall I then impatient wish—
  Nor shall I fear—the last.

191.—C.M.

Perfect love casteth out fear.

GRACE like an uncorrupting seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.

Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will;
But with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfil.

They find access at every hour
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face!

Lord, I address thy heavenly throne,
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

There shed thy choicest loves abroad,
And make my comforts strong;
Then shall I say, "My Father, God!"
With an unwavering tongue.

192.—C.M.

If any man hear my voice, and open the door,
I will come in to him.

O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace!
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face;
I shall be holy here.

This heart shall be his constant home;
I hear his Spirit's cry:
Surely, He saith, 'I quickly come;'
He saith, who cannot lie.

The glorious crown of rightousness
To me reached out I view;
Conqueror through Him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.

The promised land from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see;
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

He visits now the house of clay;
He shakes his future home;
O wouldst Thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come!

With me I know, I feel, Thou art,
But this cannot suffice,
Unless Thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

My earth Thou waterest from on high;
But make it all a pool:
Spring up, O Well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul!

Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void;
Thou only canst my spirit fill:
Come, O my God, my God!

Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,
Large as infinity;
Give, give me all my soul requires,
All, all that is in Thee!

193.—C.M.

They desire a better country, that is, a heavenly.

OUR country is Emmanuel's land,
We seek that promised soil;
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears;
Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise,
And nought but hell our fears.

The flowers that spring along the road
We scarcely stoop to pluck;
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
Nor waste one wishful look.

We tread the path our Master trod,
  We bear the cross He bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet
  His temples pierced before.

Our powers are oft dissolved away
  In ecstasies of love:
And while our bodies wander here,
  Our souls are fixed above.

We purge our mortal dross away,
  Refining as we run;
But while we die to earth and sense,
  Our heaven is begun.

194.—7.6.

But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
  The Christian as he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
  With healing on his wings:
When comforts are declining,
  He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
  To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can stay,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,—
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;—
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

195.—C.M.

My God!

MY God! my Majesty divine!
My very Presence Bright!
Thou life, Thou love, Thou joy of mine!
My soul's own Infinite!

Art Thou not mine? for my poor sake
Dost Thou not wondrously?
Dost not Thou of thy glory take
To give it unto me?

Feels not mine Inner All, thy watch?
Dost Thou not teach thy own—
Yes! quicken my rapt soul to catch
Thy still deep Spirit-tone?

Are not my sins the witnesses
That Thou art not at home?
Doth not my penitence express
That Thou again wilt come?

And when I sorely strove with sin,
Wast Thou not strong for me?
O did not we together win
That precious victory?

Waits not my soul for Thee to show
The work it must fulfil?
Art Thou not hidden in my woe?
And there how gracious still!

When fulness of delight is mine,
  Stands not Thy glory by;
And helps each happy hour to shine
  With wondrous radiancy?

Thou God of mine! eternal be
  This fulness of thy grace,
O still be pleased to shine in me!
  Keep, keep thy dwelling-place!

196.—C.M.

The glorious liberty of the Children of God.

THOU biddest, Lord, thy sons be bold;
  Lord, Thou hast set us free;
The dear adoption fast we hold—
  The glorious liberty!

Thou Majesty Divine! we cling
  To no less glorious throne;
Almighty Task Master, we bring
  Our work to Thee alone!

We stand unto our God how near!
  Nor priest, nor veil between—
Lord! full unto thine own appear;
  We cast away each screen.

Thy truth is waiting to be seized;
Thou sweetly bidd'st us dare;
We look, we seek—and Thou art pleased
To meet us everywhere.

Thy Spirit's fulness we embrace—
Away with man's poor dole!
The sweetest visit of thy grace
Asks but an open soul.

Full feels our solemn privacy
The sweet celestial air:
In humble joy we lay on Thee
The loving clasp of prayer;

We mingle now our inmost fires,
A glowing spirit-throng!
All free and strong of wing aspires
The passion of our song.

Man's statutes do not wake our fear;
Man frowns—yet smile we still;
For us the unfailing Spirit-Cheer!
For us the Eternal Will!

Thine own we are, Almighty One;
Thine own would ever be:
Endless thy dear dominion;
Our glorious liberty!

197.—8.7.4.

The Peace of God which passeth all understanding.

LORD! can this weak world sore wound us
When such balm Thy grace doth pour?
Lord! can want and woe confound us
When Thou givest of thy store,—
When Thou offerest
Perfect Peace for ever more?

In thy secret place it hideth,
Yet each soul may come and take,
With thy glory it abideth
Yet bright visits here will make:
On our sadness
Sweet the Heavenly Peace will break.

Yet the foolish world pretendeth
God's own glory to bestow;
On its own, brave gifts it spendeth,
Perfect peace they sure must know;
Wherefore grieve they?
Wherefore droop its darlings so?

Thou alone thine own grace lendest:
Lord! from Thee this Peace of thine!
Secretly thy Peace Thou sendest,
Softly seekest some meek shrine!
Sweetly makest
Some sad, striving soul divine.

Of the raging world they hear not
Whom thy sweet Peace singeth to :
Warfare with the world they fear not
Whom thy strong Peace doth renew.
Mighty meek ones !
Perfect Peace exalteth you.

Highest thought this Peace transcendeth ;
Sages here have nought to tell ;
Yea ! the awful glory blendeth
With the things ineffable.
Seraphs speak not
The deep peace they know full well.

Yet this Peace that thought confoundeth
Is of simplest souls possessed ;
Yet this awful Grace aboundeth
With Thy least and lowliest :
Meanest mansion
Boasteth oft the Heavenly Guest.

O this sweet and sure possession !
O this thought-o'erwhelming deep !
Seraphs hail the widening vision—
Feeble saints the comfort keep :
Lord, we crave it—
In Thy Peace our spirits steep !

198.—8.7.4.

Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before.

EVERLASTING! changing never!
Of one strength, no more, no less:
Thine Almightiness for ever—
All the same thy Holiness:
Thee Eternal,
Thee all glorious we possess!

But we weak ones, but we sinners,
Would not in our poorness stay;
We the low ones would be winners
Of what holy height we may,
Ever nearer
To thy pure and perfect day.

Shall things withered, fashions olden,
Keep us from Life's flowing spring?
Waits for us the promise golden!—
Waits each new diviner thing!
Onward! Onward!
Why this faithless tarrying?

By the old Aspirants glorious—
By the hearts that hopèd all—
By the strivers, half victorious—
By each soul heroical—
By thy Dearest—
By thy Milton and thy Paul—

By their holy, high achieving,
  By their visions more divine—
By each gift of our receiving
  From these mighty ones of thine—
    By the radiance
  That on us from them doth shine,—

By each saving word unspoken—
  By thy truth, as yet half-won—
By each idol still unbroken,
  By thy will, yet poorly done;—
    Hear us! hear us!
  Our Almighty, help us on!

Nearer to Thee would we venture,
  Of thy truth more largely take,
Upon life diviner enter,
  Into day more glorious break;
    To the ages
  Fair bequests and costly make.

Ours must be a nobler story
  Than was ever writ before:
After-comers! dim our glory;
  Be your smiles and winnings more!
    Everlasting!
  Fuller grace incessant pour!

199.—L.M.

Be ye holy, for I am holy.

LORD, Thou would'st have us like to Thee;
  Lord, thou would'st lift us to thy Son:
Thou biddest us aspirants be,—
  Put all divine ambition on!

We cannot be too richly blest—
  We cannot be too strong of wing:
Thyself, Thyself, Thou offerest
  To our sublime endeavouring.

Thou Sovereign Lord Almighty! lo,
  On, on to Thee the weaklings press,
From strength to strength our souls would go,
  Upclimbing thine Almightiness.

All-holy One! we give not o'er;
  The sinners would be one with Thee!
Yes, all-prevailingly explore
  Depth after depth, thy purity.

Alas our wrath! alas our pride!
  Yet shall they not at last be gone?
O, may we not each day abide
  Still nearer the All-loving One?

Father of Lights! our darkness dares
  Hope into something bright to rise;
Each well-won truth our souls declares
  Of closer kin to Thee, All-Wise.

Would we not grow divinely bright?
  Take sweetness in, put glory on—
Yes, wax more worthy to delight
  In Thee, First Fair, All-glorious One?

And grows the likeness ever thus?
  Still brighter, still diviner we?
Thou beckonest, Lord—joy! joy! for us
  A mounting Immortality!

200.—7.4.

Praise.

KING of glory, King of peace
  I will love Thee:
And that love may never cease
  I will move Thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me:
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing Thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring Thee.

Though my sins against me cried
Thou didst clear me;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise Thee.
In my heart though not in Heaven
I can raise Thee.

Thou grew'st soft and moist with tears,
Thou relentedst.
And when Justice called for fears,
Thou dissentedst.

Small it is, in this poor sort
To enrol Thee;
E'en Eternity is too short
To extol Thee.

201.—7s.

Let the saints be joyful in glory.

DO we only give Thee heed
  Lord, when other help hath gone?
Doth the soreness of our need
  Send us to the Heavenly Throne?
Wherefore should our souls repair
Only to the Comforter?

Must not thy glad creatures yearn
  Of their best their Lord to bring?
Must not happy spirits burn
  To their Gladdener to spring?
Hath our joy for Thee no place?
Art Thou not our God of Grace?

Should not each bright golden hour
  Lay its lustre at thy feet?
May not, Lord, our blissful bower
  Rise beneath thy mercy-seat?
Who like happy souls may call
For the wings celestial?

Maketh not thy presence cheer?
  May thy lovers, Lord, be sad?
Who are like the angels near?
  Who are like the angels glad?
Fullest sure of bliss we are
When we feel the Gladdener.

When our life is all delight
  On the happy, heavenly hill,
'Tis because thy presence bright
  All the Heavenly Life doth fill.
Heaven our Land of Joy we call
For the Lord is all in all.

There our very Bower of Bliss
  Is thine awful Holy Place;
There our only Paradise
  Is the shining of thy Face.
Endless joy is love divine;
To be glad is to be Thine.

202.—L.M.

The joy of the Lord is your strength.

THY happy ones a strain begin;
  Dost Thou not, Lord, glad souls possess?
Thy Cheerful Spirit dwells within;
  We feel Thee in our joyfulness.

Our mirth is not afraid of Thee;
  Our life rejoices to be bright;
We would not from our gladness flee,
  But give full welcome to delight.

Thou wilt not, Lord, our smiles deny:
  Dost Thou not deem them of rich worth?
Our cheer flows on beneath thine eye;
  We feel accepted in our mirth.

We turn to Thee a smiling face;
  Thou sendest us the smile again.
Our joy, the richness of thy grace—
  Thine own, the cheer of this glad strain.

Thou God of Joy! our souls do well
  The life hereafter to forestal;
We go with happy ones to dwell,
  To help the joy celestial.

203.—7,6.

The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

GOD is my strong salvation,
  What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
  My light, my help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
  Firm to the fight I stand;
What terrors can confound me,
  With God at my right hand?

Place on the Lord reliance;
  My soul with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
  When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen;
  His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
  The Lord will give thee peace.

THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

204.—C.M.

O! how I love thy law.

LORD! I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

I'll read the histories of thy love
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.

'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrow blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the skies
And our eternal rest.

205.—S.M.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul.

BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way!
His beams through all the nations run
And life and light convey.

But where the gospel comes
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs
And gives the blind their sight.

How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just;
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.

O! who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet with a bold presumptuous mind
I would not dare transgress.

Warn me of every sin;
Forgive my secret faults;
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God!

206.—C.M.

Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way?

HOW shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy Word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

The starry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and power express:

But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.

Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

207.—C.M.

The entrance of thy words giveth light.

THE Spirit breathes upon the Word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

208.—C.M.

The fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

Ho! all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;

Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

(Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain
To weave a garment of your own
That will not hide your sin :

Come naked and adorn your souls
In robes prepared by God,
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dyed in his own blood,)

Dear God ! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines ;
Deep as our helpless miseries are
And boundless as our sins.

The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day ;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

THE CHURCH OF GOD.

209.—L.M.

And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart, and of one soul.

HAPPY the souls that first believed,
To Jesus and each other cleaved,
Joined by the unction from above
In mystic fellowship of love.

Meek simple followers of the Lamb,
They lived and spake and thought the same;
They joyfully conspired to raise
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.

With grace abundantly endued,
A pure believing multitude,
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspired the whole.

O what an age of golden days!
O what a choice, peculiar race!
Washed in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,
Anointed kings and priests to God.

Where shall I wander now to find
The successors they left behind?
The faithful whom I seek in vain
Are 'minished from the sons of men.

Ye different sects who all declare
'Lo here is Christ' or 'Christ is there,'
Your stronger proofs divinely give
And show me where the Christians live.

Your claim, alas! ye cannot prove;
Ye want the genuine mark of love:
Thou only, Lord, thine own canst show,
For sure Thou hast a church below.

The gates of hell cannot prevail;
The church on earth can never fail;
Ah! join me to thy secret ones!
Ah! gather all thy living stones!

Scattered o'er all the earth they lie,
Till Thou collect them with thine eye,
Draw by the music of thy name,
And charm into a beauteous frame.

For this the pleading Spirit groans,
And cries in all thy banished ones:
Greatest of gifts, thy love impart
And make us of one mind and heart.

Join every soul that looks to Thee
In bonds of perfect charity;
Now, Lord, the glorious fulness give
And all in all for ever live.

210.—7s.

The grain of mustard seed.

SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
To bring fire on earth He came,
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

When He first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth swiftly run
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strong-holds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land!
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above!
Haste, O Lord, and quickly pour
All the spirit of thy love.

211.—8.8.8.6.

The Communion of Saints.

THE Saints of God are holy men,
And women good, and children dear,
All those who ever loved the Lord,
Who live in faith and fear.

They are not all together now,
For some are dead and gone before,
And some are striving still on earth;
Their trial is not o'er.

Great numbers are they of all states,
And born in every place and land,
Who never saw each other's face,
Nor touched each other's hand.

But they are all made one in Christ
They love each other tenderly,
The old and young, the rich and poor,
Of that great company.

And there shall come a glorious day
When all the good saints, every one,
Shall meet within their Father's home
And stand before his throne.

212.—C.M.

The Church is subject to Christ.

THE faithful men of every land,
Who Christ's own rule obey,
The holy dead of every time,—
The Church of Christ are they.

The saints who die, and leave us now,
The good of long ago,
Women and men, and children young
Still living here below ;

Who have the same eternal hope,
The same unceasing care,
One universal hymn of praise,
One general voice of prayer.

Since we are members, then, of Christ,
How holy should we be,
How faithful to obey our Head
In truth and purity !

Since we are all made one in Him,
How gentle should we prove,
How peaceful in our ways and words !
How tender in our love !

So shall our Head, at all times near,
Dwell in his members blest,
So lead us in his Church on earth,
Safe to his Church at rest.

213.—C.M.

Who loveth God, loveth his brother also.

OUR God is love, and all his saints
His image bear below;
The heart with love to God inspired
With love to man will glow.

Teach us to love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by Thee;
For none are truly born of God
Who live in enmity.

Heirs of the same immortal bliss
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.

So shall the vain contentious world
Our peaceful lives approve,
And wondering say, as those of old,
'See how these Christians love!'

214.—S.M.

Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust.

THE ever living God
Th' expiring church shall raise;
Our hearts his promises receive,
And wake a shout of praise.

Death shall not always reign
Where grace hath fixed its throne;
His soft compassion views the dust,
He once hath called his own.

'Yes,' saith the God of truth,
'My dead shall live again;
'The foe shall see their leader's breath
Reanimate the slain.

'The dew of Heaven shall fall
'In rich abundance round
'And a redundant harvest rise
'To clothe the teeming ground.

'Now from your dust awake,
'And burst into a song;
'Then spurn the earth, and mount the skies
'In a triumphant throng.'

Thy Zion, Lord, believes
A promise so divine,
And looks through all her flowing tears
To see the glory shine.

215.—C.M.

The noble Army of Martyrs.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar!
Who follows in his train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train!

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
  Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
  And called on Him to save;

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
  In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong!
  Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few
  On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
  And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
  The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel!
  Who follows in their train?

A noble army,—men and boys,
  The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice
  In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven
  Through peril, toil and pain!
O God! to us may grace be given
  To follow in their train!

216.—C.M.

Suffer the little children to come unto me.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all engaging charms;
Hark how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

'Permit them to approach,' He cries,
'Nor scorn their humble name;
'For 'twas to bless such souls as these
'The Lord of angels came.'

We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful, that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Ye little flock, with pleasure hear:
Ye children, seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust:
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

217.—9.8.

This is my body, which is broken for you.

BREAD of the world in mercy broken!
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed!
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead!

Look on the heart by mercy broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed!

218.—S.M.

Whom having not seen ye love.

NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love Him in his word.

On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

219.—C.M.

This cup is the new Testament in my blood.

THE promise of my Father's love
'Shall stand for ever good,'
He said and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

To this dear covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal the engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

Thy light, and strength, and pardoning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers, are thine.

I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

Sweet is the memory of his name,
Who blessed us in his will,
And to his testament of love
Made his own life the seal.

220.—C.M.

Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word.

'O NOT for these alone I pray!'
The dying Saviour said;
Though on his breast that moment lay
The loved disciple's head.

Though to his eye that moment sprung
The kind, the pitying tear
For those that eager round him hung,
His words of love to hear.

No, not for them alone He prayed,—
For all of mortal race,
Whene'er their fervent prayer is made,
Where'er their dwelling place.

Sweet is the thought, when here we meet
His feast of love to share,
And 'mid the toils of life, how sweet
The memory of his prayer.

O ne'er in souls that seek his face
Let harsher passions reign,
To tell the unbelieving race
The Saviour prayed in vain.

221.—8.8.6.

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.

AH! little dream our listless eyes
What glorious presence they despise,
When in our noon of life,
To power or fame we rudely press—
Christ is at hand to scorn or bless;
Christ suffers in our strife.

And though Heaven's gate have long since closed,
And our dear Lord in bliss reposed
High above mortal ken,
To every ear in every land,
(Though only meek ears understand)
He speaks as he did then.

'I in your care my brethren left,
Not willing ye should be bereft
Of waiting on your Lord:
The meanest offering ye can make,
A drop of water, for love's sake,
In heaven, be sure, is stored.'

So, as we walk our earthly round,
Still may the echo of that sound
Be in our memory stored;
'Christians! behold your happy state;
Christ is in those who round you wait;
Make much of your dear Lord!'

222.—8.7.

God loveth a cheerful giver.

CHRIST before thy door is waiting
Rouse thee, slave of earthly gold!
Lo, He comes, thy pomp abating,
Hungry, thirsty, homeless, cold:—
Hungry, by Whom Saints are fed
With the Eternal Living Bread;
Thirsty, from whose pierced side
Healing waters spring and glide;
Cold and bare He comes, Who never
May put off His robe of light;
Homeless, Who must dwell for ever
In the Father's Bosom bright.

In kind ambush alway lying
He besets thy bed and path,
Fain would see thee hourly buying
Prayers against the time of wrath,
Prayers of thankful mourners here,
Prayers that in Love's might appear
With the offerings of the blest,
At the shrine of perfect rest.
See his undecaying treasure
Lies like dew upon the grass,
To be won and stored at pleasure:—
But its hour will quickly pass.

223.—C.M.

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.

JESUS my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

High on a throne of radiant light
Dost Thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

But Thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And will confess their humble names
Before their Father's face.

In them Thou may'st be clothed, and fed,
And visited and cheered;
And in their accents of distress
My Saviour's voice is heard.

Thy face with reverence and with love
I in thy poor would see;
Oh rather let me beg my bread,
Than hold it back from Thee.

224.—C.M.

For ye have the poor always with you: but Me ye have not always.

SHE loved her Saviour, and to Him
  Her costliest present brought;
To crown his head, or grace his name,
  No gift too rare she thought.

And though the prudent worldling frowned,
  And thought the poor bereft,
Christ's humble friend sweet comfort found,
  For He approved the gift.

So let the Saviour be adored,
  And not the poor despised;
Give to the hungry from your hoard,
  But all, give all to Christ.

The poor are always with us here,
  'Tis our great Father's plan,
That mutual wants and mutual care
  May bind us, man to man.

Go, clothe the naked, lead the blind,
  Give to the weary rest;
For sorrow's children comfort find,
  And help for all distressed;—

But give to Christ alone thy heart,
  Thy faith, thy love supreme;
Then for his sake thine alms impart,
  And so give all to Him.

225.—L.M.D.

Peace I leave with you.

PEACE was the song the angels sang
  When Jesus sought this vale of tears,
And sweet the heavenly prelude rang
  To calm the watchful shepherd's fears.
War is the word that man has spoke
  Convulsed by passions dark and dread;
And pride enforced a lawless yoke
  E'en where the Gospel's banner spread.

Peace was the prayer the Saviour breathed
  When from our world his steps withdrew,—
The gift He to his friends bequeathed
  With Calvary and the cross in view.
Redeemer, with adoring love,
  Our spirits take thy rich bequest,
The watch-word of the host above,
  The passport to their realm of rest.

226.—7.

Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.

FATHER of our feeble race!
Wise, beneficent and kind;
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined:
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love
Claiming large returns again.

Lord! what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;

Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with liberal store:
Teach us, oh Thou Heavenly King!
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,—
Love to Thee and all mankind.

227.—C.M.

Who is my neighbour ?

THY neighbour ? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour ? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye from want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door :—
Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour ? 'Tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares and pain ;—
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour ? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem,
Widow and orphan, helpless left ;—
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbour ? Yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave ;—
Go thou and ransom him.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favoured than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbour worm,
Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh! pass not, pass not heedless by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery—
Go, share thy lot with him.

228.—L.M.

Though I have the gift of prophecy,...and have not charity, I am nothing.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech that angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

229.—L.M.

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

AWAKE, my zeal, awake my love,
To serve my Saviour here below,
In works which perfect saints above,
And holy angels cannot do.

Awake, my charity, to feed
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor;
In heaven are found no sons of need,
There all these duties are no more.

Subdue thy passions, O my soul!
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue,
Daily thy rising sins control,
And be thy victories ever new.

The land of triumph lies on high,
There are no foes to encounter there:
Lord, I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.

Let every flying hour confess
I gain thy gospel fresh renown:
And when my life and labours cease,
May I possess the promised crown!

PUBLIC WORSHIP AND THE LORD'S DAY.

230.—C.M.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!

HOW lovely are thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of hosts, how dear
The pleasant tabernacles are,
Where Thou dost dwell so near!

Happy, who in thy house reside,
Where Thee they ever praise!
Happy, whose strength in Thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways!

They pass through Baca's thirsty vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watery dale
Where springs and showers abound.

They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear.

For God the Lord, both sun and shield
  Gives grace and glory bright;
No good from them shall be withheld
  Whose ways are just and right.

Lord God of Hosts, that reignst on high
  That man is truly blest,
Who only on Thee doth rely,
  And in Thee only rest.

231.—L.M.

The Lord's Day.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing:
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word!
Thy works of grace how bright they shine:
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

Sin (my worst enemy before,)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more,
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

232.—L.M.

The Eternal Sabbath.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
  On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
  The songs, which from the desert rise.

Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love!
  But there's a nobler rest above!
To that our laboring souls aspire
  With ardent pangs of strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress,
  Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
  Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes;
  No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
  But sacred, high, eternal noon.

Oh long-expected day begin;
  Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
  And sleep in death to rest with God.

233.—C.M.

My soul longeth after Thee.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine:
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine!

Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice
As thy forgiving love.

Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King:
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

234.—C.M.

The work of our hands establish Thou it.

SHINE on our souls, eternal God!
With rays of beauty shine:
O let thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be thine.

Did we not raise our hands to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself could give,
If Thou thy love restrain.

With Thee let every week begin,
With Thee each day be spent,
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by Thee is lent.

Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labours cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

235.—148th.

The salvation of God is sent to the Gentiles.

GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place.
How kind the care
Our God displays,
For us to raise
A house of prayer!

Though once estranged far,
We now approach thy throne,
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own;
Strangers no more,
To Thee we come,
And find our home,
And rest secure.

To Thee our souls we join,
And love thy sacred name;
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim.
Our Father King,
Thy covenant grace
Our souls embrace,
Thy titles sing.

Here in thy house we feast,
On dainties all divine;
And while such sweets we taste,
With joy our faces shine.
Incense shall rise
From flames of love,
And God approve
The sacrifice.

May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house;
And Thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows;
Indulgent still,
Till earth conspire
To join the choir
On Zion's hill.

236.—C.M.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord now, in the presence of all his people.

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

Among the saints that fill thy house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life which Thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee!

Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move!
Thy hand hath loosed my bands of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

237.—S.M.

Heavenly joys on Earth.

COME we that love the Lord
  And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord
  And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind
  Be banished from this place;
Religion never was designed
  To make our pleasures less.

Let those refuse to sing
  That never knew our God,
But favourites of the Heavenly King
  May speak their joys abroad.

The God that rules on high
  And thunders when He please,
That rides upon the stormy sky
  And manages the seas;—

This awful God is ours,
  Our Father and our Love;
He shall send down his heavenly powers
  To carry us above.

There we shall see his face
  And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
  Drink endless pleasures in.

Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

238.—L.M.

Spare me according to the greatness of thy mercy.

ETERNAL Source of life and thought,
Be all beneath Thyself forgot;
While Thee, great Parent-Mind, we own
In prostrate homage round thy throne.

Whilst in themselves our souls survey
Of Thee some faint reflected ray,
They wondering to their Father rise;
His power how vast! his thoughts how wise!

Behold us as thine offspring, Lord
And do not cast us off abhorred;
Nor let thy hand, so long our joy,
Be raised in vengeance to destroy.

Oh may we live before thy face,
The willing subjects of thy grace;
And through each path of duty move
With filial awe and filial love.

239.—8.7.4.

I will hear what the Lord will speak.

IN thy courts, O Lord, assembling,
We thy people now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear;
Hear with meekness;—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be;
Till thy glory,
Without cloud in heaven we see.

240.—S.M.

Both young men and maidens, old men and children, let them praise the name of the Lord.

COME to the house of prayer;
  O thou afflicted come!
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
  He makes that house his home.

Come to the house of praise,
  Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
  Your knees together bow.

Ye aged, hither come,
  For ye have felt his love:
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
  Your lips forget to move.

Ye young, before his throne
  Your cheerful anthems raise;
Nor let your hearts his praise disown,
  Who gives the power to praise.

Thou, whose benignant eye
  In mercy looks on all,
Who seest the tear of misery,
  And hear'st the mourner's call,

Up to thy dwelling-place
  Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
  And heaven on earth be won.

241.—L.M.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

HOW, Lord, shall vows of ours be sweet?
O! how should souls immortal meet?
How lose themselves in Heaven awhile?
How win thine own eternal smile?

Come beautiful, as souls should be!
Come beautiful for God to see!
Come holy-fair, come heavenly-bright,
And give the All-seeing Eye delight!—

Come souls! thus glorious soar and sing;
The Lord's own beauty with you bring.
Ye merciful! from you how sweet
The service of the Mercy-Seat!

Ye upright! be not faint of tongue;
The faithful Lord will love your song.
O pure of heart! how meetly ye
Aspire to praise his purity!

Ye loving, of large souls and free,
Whose hours run on forgivingly,
You chief the God of Love will hear—
Your own the incessant Pardoner!

Yet better songs, ye Holy, raise!
More nobly live; more sweetly praise!
Till beauteous round the Heavenly Throne
Ye worship best the Holy One.

242.—C.M.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants.

OUR God! our God! Thou shinest here;
Thine own this latter day:
To us thy radiant steps appear—
Here goes thy glorious way.

We shine not only with the light
Thou sheddest down of yore;
On us Thou streamest strong and bright—
Thy comings are not o'er.

The Fathers had not all of Thee;
New-births are in thy grace;
All open to our souls shall be
Thy glory's hiding-place.

We gaze on thy out-goings bright;
Down cometh thy full power;
We, the glad bearers of thy light—
This, this thy saving hour!

On us thy spirit hast Thou poured;
To us thy word has come:
We feel, we thank thy quickening, Lord;
Thou shalt not find us dumb.

Thy Life-Spring, Lord, is running o'er;
Each holy height we climb;
A race of mighty men once more!
Again a glorious time!

Thou comest near—Thou standest by—
Our work begins to shine:
Thou dwellest with us mightily;
On come the years divine.

243.—S.M.

Blessed are your eyes for they see; and your ears for they hear.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's Hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
"He reigns and triumphs here."

How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found!

How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs
And deserts learn the joy.

The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God!

244.—C.M.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings; that publisheth peace.

FAIR are the feet which bring the news
  Of gladness unto me:
What happy messengers are those
  Which my blest eyes do see!

Thy servants speak—but Thou, Lord, dost
  An hearing ear bestow;
They smite the rock—but Thou, my God,
  Dost make the waters flow.

They shoot the arrow—but thy hand
  Doth drive that arrow home:
They call—but then Thou dost compel,
  And then thy guests are come.

Angels that fly, and worms that creep,
  Are both alike to Thee,
If Thou mak'st worms thine angels, Lord,
  They bring my God to me.

I bless my God, who is my Guide!
  I sing in Zion's ways:
When shall I sing, on Zion's hill,
  Thine everlasting praise?

245.—C.M.

Ye are God's husbandry.

O GOD! by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest,
Whose word, like manna showered from Heaven
Is planted in our breast,

Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care!

Though buried deep or thinly strown
Do Thou thy grace supply;
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky!

246.—S.M.

In due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not.

SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed
Broadcast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The Day of God is come,
The Angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, Harvest-home!

247.—L.M.

Lord's Day Evening.

MILLIONS within thy courts have met,
Millions this day before thee bowed;
Their faces Zion-ward were set,
Vows with their lips to thee they vowed:—

But Thou, soul-searching God! hast known,
The hearts of all that bent the knee,
And hast accepted those alone,
In spirit and truth that worshipped Thee.

People of many a tribe and tongue,
Men of strange colours, climates, lands,
Have heard thy truth, thy glory sung,
And offered prayer with holy hands.

Still, as the light of morning broke,
O'er island, continent, and deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

From east to west the sun surveyed
From north to south, adoring throngs;
And still when evening stretched her shade,
The stars came forth to hear their songs.

Harmonious as the winds and seas,
In halcyon hours when storms are flown,
Rose all earth's Babel languages,
In pure accordance to thy throne.

Not angels' trumpets sound more clear;
Not elders' harps, nor seraphs' lays,
Yield music sweeter to thine ear
Than humble prayer and thankful praise.

And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed to-day some suit to gain;
To those in trouble Thou wert nigh,
Not one hath sought thy face in vain.

Thy poor were bountifully fed,
Thy chastened sons have kissed the rod,
Thy mourners have been comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their God.

Yet one prayer more;—and be it one
In which both heaven and earth accord!—
Fulfil thy promise to thy Son,
Let all that breathe call Jesus Lord.

His throne and sovereignty advance;
For his soul's travail let him see
The heathen his inheritance,
And earth's last bound his portion be.

OCCASIONAL.

248.—L.M.

My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praises to the eternal King.

May I, like them, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform, like them, my Maker's will,
And celebrate his glories still.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew:
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

249.—L.M.

Thy mercies are new every morning and repeated every evening.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to thy command;
To Thee, I consecrate my days:
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

250.—L.M.

His compassions fail not, they are new every morning.

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain
Untired we ask, and ask again,
Ever in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before;

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn, and stedfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all to espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest dreariest walk!

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky:

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more; content with these,
Let present Rapture, Comfort, Ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go:—
The secret this of Rest below.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect Rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

251.—L.M.

I will bless the Lord at all times.

WHEN wakened by thy voice of power
  The hour of morning beams in light,
My voice shall sing that morning hour
  And Thee who mad'st that hour so bright.

The morning strengthens into noon,
  Earth's fairest beauties shine more fair,
And noon and morning shall attune
  My grateful heart to praise and prayer.

When 'neath the evening's western gate
  The sun's retiring rays are hid,
My joy shall be to meditate
  Even as the pious patriarchs did.

As twilight wears a darker hue,
  And gathering night creation dims,
The twilight and the midnight too
  Shall have their harmonies and hymns.

So shall sweet thoughts and thoughts sublime
  My constant inspiration be,
And every shifting scene of time
  Reflect, my God! a light from Thee.

252.—L.M.

Labourer's Noonday Hymn.

UP to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And He accepts the punctual hymn
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will He turn his ear aside
From holy offerings at noon-tide;
Then, here reposing let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burden be not light,
We need not toil from morn till night;
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God.

Why should we crave a hallowed spot?
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to heaven!—the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt or go astray;
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord, since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course;

Help with thy grace, through life's short day
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

253.—L.M.

Evening Hymn.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own Almighty wings!

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

O let my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close!
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Celestial joys to me rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse :
Or let my soul, all the night long
Sing to my God a grateful song.

254.—7s.

The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.

SOURCE of light and life divine !
Thou didst cause the light to shine ;
Thou didst bring thy sunbeams forth
O'er thy new-created earth.

Shade of night, and morning ray,
Took from Thee the name of day :
Now again the shades are nigh,
Listen to our mournful cry.

May we ne'er by guilt depressed,
Lose the way to endless rest ;
May no thought corrupt and vain
Draw our souls to earth again.

Rather lift them to the skies,
Where our much-loved treasure lies ;
Help us in our daily strife
Make us struggle into life.

255.—L.M.

Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.

'TIS gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wishful gaze:
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press,
No gleam to watch on tree and tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from thy servant's eyes.

When round thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out Wisdom, Power, and Love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove;—

Or by the light thy words disclose
Watch time's full river as it flows,
Scanning thy gracious Providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense:—

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold ;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live :
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick : enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take :
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

256.—L.M.

I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, for Thou, Lord, only, makest me dwell in safety.

THUS far the Lord has led me on
  Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
  Some fresh memorial of his grace.

Much of my time has run to waste,
  And I perhaps am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
  He gives me strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep,
  Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
  Their watchful stations round my bed.

In vain the sons of earth and hell
  Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
  Beneath the shadow of his wings.

Faith in his name forbids my fear:
  O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
  The love and kindness of thy heart.

Thus when the night of death shall come,
  My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
  With sweet salvation in the sound.

257.—7s.D.

Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

INTERVAL of grateful shade,
Welcome to my weary head!
Welcome slumbers to my eyes,
Tired with glaring vanities!
My great Master still allows
Needful periods of Repose:
By my Heavenly Father blest
Thus I give my powers to rest.

Heavenly Father! gracious name!
Night and Day his love the same:
Far be each suspicious thought,
Every anxious care forgot:
Thou, my ever bounteous God,
Crown'st my days with various good:
Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep,
These defenceless hours shall keep.

What if death my sleep invade?
Should I be of death afraid?
Whilst encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike but cannot harm.
With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest.
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, if still with Thee.

258.—L.M.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee.

THE night is come, like to the day;
Depart not thou, great God, away,
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of thy light.
Keep still in my horizon; for me
The sun makes not the day, but Thee.
Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep.
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes
Whose eyes are open while mine close,
Let no dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest, my soul advance,
Make me sleep a holy trance;
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought;
And with as active vigour run
My course, as doth the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death; O make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die;
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with Thee,
And thus assured, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.
These are my drowsy days, in vain
I do now wake to sleep again:
O come that hour when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake for ever.

259.—6.8.

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name through all the earth, Who hast set thy glory above the Heavens!

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see:
Its glow by day, its smile by night
Are but reflections caught from Thee;
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day with farewell beam delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven,
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night with wings of starry gloom
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some celestial bird whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

260.—9.8.

Twilight Hymn.

HARK! tis the breeze of twilight calling
  Earth's weary children to repose,
While round the couch of Nature falling,
  Gently the night's soft curtains close.
Soon o'er the world in sleep reclining
  Numberless stars through yonder dark
Shall look like eyes of Cherubs shining
  From out the veils that hid the Ark.

Grant us, O Thou that never sleepest,—
  Thou who in silence throned above,
Throughout all time unwearied keepest
  Thy watch of glory, power and love,—
Grant that beneath Thine eye securely
  Our souls awhile from life withdrawn,
May in their darkness, stilly, purely,
  Like sealèd fountains, rest till dawn.

261.—P.M.

The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.

GOD that madest earth and heaven,
  Darkness and light!
Who the day for toil has given
  For rest the night!
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
  This live-long night!

262.—P.M.

Thy Kingdom Come!

LISTEN, awake, enquire:
  What doth the watchman cry?
Is He, who proves the earth by fire
  Descending nigh?

What doth the watchman say,
  Whose call the slumberer wakes?
'The night hath nearly passed away:
  The morning breaks.'

Priests! statesmen! be not dumb;
  Seers! Peoples! shout aloud,
'Lord, let thy kingdom quickly come!
  O'erthrow the proud!'

Princes and nobles all!
  Hark to the solemn cry:
Beneath your Judge oppressions fall;
  Your time draws nigh.

Tremble, ye men of ease,
  Who worship self for God:
Wide sweeps the sword of his decrees:
  Severe his rod.

Stand up and brace the heart;
  Take courage, brethren brave!
Prepare to act a noble part:
  God smites to save.

In war He is our peace:
  Men's thunder is his voice:
Through sufferings sharp He brings release:
  Believe! rejoice!

The hours with steady flight
  Haste on the glorious year:
The triumph of Eternal Right
  Shall soon appear.

In those more blessed days
  The children of mankind
Beneath their God's benignant gaze
  Mild Peace shall find.

263.—L.M.

Ringing the old year out, and the new year in.

RING out wild bells to the wild sky
  The flying cloud, the frosty light:
  The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
  Ring happy bells, across the snow:
  The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

264.—7s.

The first Worship of the year.

BLESS, O Lord, the opening year
To the souls assembled here;
Clothe thy word with power divine,
Make us willing to be thine.

Where Thou hast the work begun,
Give new strength the race to run,
Scatter darkness, doubts and fears;
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

Bless us all, both old and young;
Call forth praise from every tongue:
Let our whole assembly prove
All thy power and all thy love.

265.—L.M.

The Lord is my helper.

MY helper God! I bless his name:
The same his power, his grace the same;
The tokens of his friendly care,
Open, and crown, and close the year.

I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

Thus far his arm hath led me on;
Thus far I make his mercy known;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

266.—C.M.

Spring-time.

WHEN brighter suns and milder skies
Proclaim the opening year,
What various sounds of joy arise!
What prospects bright appear!

Earth and her thousand voices give
Their thousand notes of praise;
And all, that by his mercy live,
To God their offering raise.

Forth walks the labourer to his toil,
And sees the fresh array
Of verdure clothe the flowery soil
Along his careless way.

The streams, all beautiful and bright,
Reflect the morning sky;
And then with music in his flight,
The wild bird soars on high.

Thus, like the morning, calm and clear,
That saw the Saviour rise,
The spring of heaven's eternal year,
Shall dawn on earth and skies.

No winter then, no shades of night,
Profane those mansions blest:
Then in the happy fields of light,
The weary are at rest.

267.—C.M.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness.

'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power!
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

Thy morning light, and evening shade,
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

Seasons, and times, and moons, and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The Author is divine.

The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear:
Thy ways abound with blessings still;
Thy goodness crowns the year.

268.—C.M.

The Rainbow.

SWEET Dove! the softest steadiest plume
In all the sunbright sky
Brightening in ever changing bloom
As breezes change on high;—

Sweet Leaf! the pledge of peace and mirth
"Long sought and lately won,"
Blest increase of reviving Earth
When first it felt the sun;—

Sweet Rainbow! pride of summer days,
High set at Heaven's command,
Though into drear and dusky haze
Thou melt on either hand;—

Dear tokens of a pardoning God,
We hail ye, one and all,
As when our fathers walked abroad
Freed from their twelve-months' thrall!

Lord! if our fathers turned to Thee
With such adoring gaze,
Wondering frail men thy light should see
Without thy scorching blaze;—

Where is our love and where our hearts,
We who have seen thy Son,
Have tried thy Spirit's winning arts,
And yet we are not won?

The Son of God in radiance beamed
  Too bright for us to scan;
But we may face the rays that streamed
  From the mild Son of Man.

There parted into rainbow hues
  In sweet harmonious strife,
We see celestial love diffuse
  Its light o'er Jesus' life.

God by his bow vouchsafes to write
  This truth in heaven above;
As every lovely hue is Light,
  So every grace is Love.

269.—L.M.

The joy in Harvest.

GREAT God! as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favor still has crowned our days,
And we would celebrate thy praise.

The harvest song we would repeat,
Thou givest us the finest wheat:
The joy of harvest we have known;
The praise, O Lord! is all thine own.

Our tables spread, our garners stored,
O give us hearts to bless Thee, Lord!
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove!

Another harvest comes apace:
Ripen our spirits by thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low.

That so, when angel-reapers come
To gather sheaves to thy blest home,
Our spirits may be borne on high
To thy safe garner in the sky.

270.—9.8.

The valleys also are covered over with corn.

WE come, our hearts with gladness glowing,
Thee, Lord of Harvest, to adore
For garners filled to overflowing
With treasured heaps and plenteous store;
To thank Thee that thy Father-hand
Has blest anew our happy land.

Our praise for this abundant blessing
With favour, gracious Father, hear.
More deeply on our minds impressing
Thy mercies each successive year,
That so our thankful praise may be
A life devoted all to Thee.

Since Thou, on us compassion taking,
With daily bread our wants dost feed,
So, pity in our breasts awaking,
Make us to feel for others' need:
Thou rich and poor alike dost love;
Then let them both thy bounty prove.

Thy heavenly dews our seed have nourished
And plenteous fruit our harvests yield;
But have the fruits of faith so flourished
Within thy Son's own harvest-field?
And when his eye o'erlooks the ground,
Shall thriving plants therein be found?

Defeat our foe, his craft confounding,
When tares within thy field he'd sow;
And let thy word's good fruit abounding,
To thy great fame and glory grow,
That all full sheaves may carry home,
When that great Harvest-Day shall come.

271.—six 7s.

Peter seeing him saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do? Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou me.

LORD, and what shall this man do?
Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend?
If his love for Christ be true,
Christ hath told thee of his end:
This is he whom God approves,
This is he whom Jesus loves.

Ask not of him more than this,
Leave it in his Saviour's breast,
Whether, early called to bliss,
He in youth shall find his rest,
Or armed in his station wait
Till his Lord be at the gate.

Whether in his lonely course
(Lonely, not forlorn) he stay,
Or with love's supporting force
Cheat the toil and cheer the way:
Leave it all in his high hand,
Who doth hearts as streams command.

Gales from Heaven, if so He will,
Sweeter melodies can wake
On the lonely mountain rill
Than the meeting waters make.
Who hath the Father and the Son,
May be left, but not alone.

Sick or healthful, slave or free,
Wealthy, or despised and poor—
What is that to him or thee,
So his love to Christ endure?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?

Only, since our souls will shrink
At the touch of natural grief,
When our earthly loved ones sink,
Lend us, Lord, thy sure relief;
Patient hearts, their pain to see,
And thy grace to follow Thee.

272.—7.6.

And the Lord God said, It is not good that man should be alone.

WHEN on her Maker's bosom
The newborn earth was laid,
And Nature's opening blossom
Its fairest bloom displayed;

When all with fruit and flowers
The laughing soil was drest,
And Eden's fragrant bowers
Received their human guest;

No sin his face defiling,
The heir of nature stood,
And God, benignly smiling,
Beheld that all was good!

Yet, in that hour of blessing
A single want was known;
A wish the heart distressing;
For Adam was alone!

O God of pure affection!
By men and saints adored,
Who gavest thy protection
To Cana's nuptial board;

May such thy bounties ever
To wedded love be shown;
And no rude hand dissever
Whom Thou hast linked in one!

273.—8.7.

England's song of praise.

LIFT thy song among the nations,
England! of the Lord beloved!
Sing the grace through generations
That hath kept thy lamp unmoved.
Sing how vainly hosts assembled
'Gainst the Isle of His delight!
Sing how tyrants turned and trembled
When thine arm was raised to smite!

Sing how He the Lord hath brought thee
Onward still from height to height;
How the Heavenly Lustre sought thee
Ere it made the world more bright:
Let the freedom long-descended
Pour full gladness in thy voice!
In the Good Old Cause defended
By thy men of might rejoice!

Sing how gleamed His sword victorious
In the hands of heroes thine,
How his fire more sweetly glorious
Streamèd from thy souls divine!
Let no marvel of thy story
Lose its place amid the praise!
Praise Him for that olden glory!
Praise Him for these latter days!

Sing how freedom's fire abideth
  Where it first did burn and shine,—
How for thee the Lord provideth
  Boundless realms and tasks divine!
Costly gifts of old thou broughtest;—
  Holy songs thou once couldst bring;—
Seek the Lord as once thou soughtest,—
  Mighty serve, and mighty sing!

274.—C.M.

Lord! save thy people and bless thine inheritance!

SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shine,
  With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
  And show thy smiling face.

Amidst our Isle, exalted high,
  Do Thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire
  Surround the favorite land.

When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
  Sound all the earth abroad?
And distant nations know and love
  Their Saviour and their God?

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
  Sing loud with solemn voice;
While British tongues exalt his praise,
  And British hearts rejoice.

275.—C.M.

The rich and the poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all.

ALL men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies:
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.

All wait alike on Him whose power
Upholds the life He gave;
The sage within his star-lit tower
The savage in his cave.

God meets the throngs who pay their vows
In courts their hands have made;
And hears the worshiper who bows
Beneath the plantain shade.

'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low,
And worships those, and tramples these,
While the same path they go.

Oh, let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love;
In power and wealth exult no more;
In wisdom lowly move.

Ye great! renounce your earth-born pride;
Ye low! your shame and fear:
Live, as ye worship, side by side;
Your brotherhood revere.

276.—P.M.

O let not the oppressed return ashamed; let the poor and needy praise thy name.

LORD from thy blessed throne,
Sorrow look down upon!
God save the Poor!
Teach them true liberty—
Make them from tyrants free—
Let their homes happy be!
God save the Poor!

The arms of wicked men
Do *Thou* with might restrain—
God save the Poor!
Raise *Thou* their lowliness—
Succour *Thou* their distress—
Thou whom the meanest bless!
God save the Poor!

Give them staunch honesty—
Let their pride manly be—
God save the Poor!
Help them to hold the right;
Give them both truth and might;
Lord of all Life and Light!
God save the Poor!

277.—10.

Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved.

INFINITE Spirit! who art round us ever,
In whom we float as motes in summer sky,
May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever
Which joins us to our unseen Friend on high.

Unseen—yet not unfelt— if any thought
Has raised our mind from earth, a pure desire,
A glorious act, a noble purpose brought,
It is thy breath, O Lord, which fans the fire.

To me, the meanest of thy creatures, kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That I may live to glorify thy name.

That I may conquer base desire and passion,
That I may rise o'er selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat and fashion,
Walk humbly, softly, leaning on thee still.

I am unworthy;—Yet for their dear sake
I ask, whose roots planted in me are found,
For precious vines are propped by rudest stake,
And heavenly roses fed in darkest ground.

Beneath my leaves, though early fallen and faded,
Young plants are warmed, they drink my branches' dew;
Let them not, Lord, by me be Upas-shaded,
Make me for their sake firm, and pure, and true.

For their sake too, the faithful, wise, and bold,
Whose generous love has been my pride and stay,
Those who have found in me some trace of gold,
For their sake purify my lead and clay.

And let not all the pains and toil be wasted,
Spent on my youth by saints now gone to rest;
Nor that deep sorrow my Redeemer tasted,
When on his soul the guilt of man was prest.

Tender and sensitive, He braved the storm,
That we might fly a well-deserved fate,
Poured out his soul in supplication warm,
Looked with his eyes of love on eyes of hate.

Let all this goodness to my soul be seen,
Let all this mercy on my heart be sealed;
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make me clean,
O speak the word, thy servant shall be healed.

DEATH, JUDGMENT, AND THE LIFE TO COME.

278.—C.M.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. * * * * * *But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children.*

TIME, what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days, how swift they are;
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste;
That we can never say 'They're here,'
But only say, 'They're past.'

Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.

Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
  Thy lasting favours share;
Yet, with the bounties of thy grace
  Thou load'st the rolling year.

'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
  And we are clothed with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road
  That leads our souls above.

His goodness runs an endless round,
  All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound,
  And be his name adored.

Thus we begin the lasting song;
  And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
  Till time and nature dies.

279.—C.M.

Lord make me to know mine end and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am.

THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
  And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
  What dying worms are we!

(Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.)

Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

280.—L.M.

The sting of death is sin.

THE feeble pulse, the gasping breath
The clenched teeth, the glazed eye,—
Are these thy sting, thou dreadful Death?
O Grave, are these thy victory?

The mourners by our parting bed,
The wife, the children weeping nigh,
The dismal pageant of the dead,—
These,—these are not thy victory!

But from the much-loved world to part,
Our lust untamed, our spirit high;
All nature struggling at the heart,
Which, dying, feels it dare not die!

To meet o'ersoon our heavenly King,
Whose love we passed unheeded by;
Lo! this, O Death, thy deadliest sting!
O Grave, and this thy victory!

O Searcher of the secret heart,
Who giv'st to all men once to die!
Restore us ere the spirit part,
Nor yield to Death the victory!

281.—C.M.

We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
  Eternal and on high:
And here my spirit waiting stands,
  Till God shall bid it fly.

Shortly this prison of my clay
  Must be dissolved and fall:
Then, O my soul! with joy obey
  Thy heavenly Father's call.

'Tis He, by his almighty grace
  That forms thee fit for heaven;
And as an earnest of the place,
  Has his own Spirit given.

We walk by faith of joys to come;
  Faith lives upon his word;
But, while the body is our home,
  We're absent from the Lord.

'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
  But we had rather see:
We would be absent from the flesh,
  And present, Lord, with Thee.

282.—C.M.

A sight of Heaven in sickness.

OFT have I sat in secret sighs
To feel my flesh decay,
Then groaned aloud with frighted eyes
To view the tottering clay.

But I forbid my sorrows now,
Nor dares the flesh complain;
Diseases bring their profit too;
The joy o'ercomes the pain.

My cheerful soul now all the day
Sits waiting here and sings;
Looks through the ruins of her clay
And practises her wings.

Faith almost changes into sight
While from afar she spies
Her fair inheritance, in light
Above created skies.

Had but the prison walls been strong
And firm without a flaw,
In darkness she had dwelt too long,
And less of glory saw.

But now the everlasting hills
Through every chink appear,
And something of the joy she feels
While she's a prisoner here.

The shines of heaven rush sweetly in
At all the gaping flaws,
Visions of endless bliss are seen
And native air she draws.

O may these walls stand tottering still,
The breaches never close,
If I must here in darkness dwell
And all this glory lose!

Or rather let this flesh decay
The ruins wider grow,
Till glad to see the enlarged way
I stretch my pinions through.

283.—C.M.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.

THOU must go forth alone, my soul!
Thou must go forth alone,—
To other scenes, to other worlds,
That mortal hath not known.

Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
To tread the narrow vale;
But He, whose word is sure, hath said
His comforts shall not fail.

Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
Along the darksome way,
Where the bright sun has never shed
His warm and gladsome ray.

And yet the Sun of Righteousness
  Shall rise amid the gloom,
And scatter from thy trembling gaze
  The shadows of the tomb.

Thou must go forth alone, my soul!
  To meet thy God above:
But shrink not—He has said, my soul!
  He is a God of love!

His rod and staff shall comfort thee
  Across the dreary road,
Till thou shalt join the blessed ones
  In Heaven's serene abode.

284.—C.M.

Not that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon.

ALAS the Vale where tears run o'er,
  The sorrow and the strife;
The burden of the flesh so sore—
  This heavy load of life!

And yet we would not cast it off
  For simple nakedness,
Nor even Earth's poor garments doff
  But for a brighter dress.

Dear Lord! we would not poorly pine
  From trouble to be free;
But long for the glad life divine,
  But burn to dwell with Thee.

Lord, clothe us in thy best! Lord! give
Those robes of shining white;
How can we too divinely live?
Or raiment wear too bright?

285.—P.M.

The Parting Soul.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper! angels say
'Sister spirit, come away.'
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses—shuts my sight—
Drowns my spirit—draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears
With sounds seraphic ring;
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?

286.—7.

Death is swallowed up in victory!

'SPIRIT! leave thy house of clay:
Lingering dust! resign thy breath:
Spirit! cast thy chains away;
Dust! be thou dissolved in death.'
Thus the almighty Father speaks
While the faithful Christian dies;
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies.

'Prisoner, long detained below!
Prisoner, now with freedom blest!
Welcome from a world of woe!
Welcome to a land of rest!'
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.

Grave, the guardian of our dust!
Grave, the treasury of the skies!
Every atom of thy trust,
Rests in hope again to rise.
Hark! the judgment trumpet calls,
'Soul! rebuild thy house of clay;
Immortality thy walls,
And *Eternity* thy day.'

287.—C.M.

He fell asleep.

BEHOLD the western evening light,
It melts in evening gloom;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low, the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast;
'Tis like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dews of night,
The yellow star appears;
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

288.—C.M.

The small and great are there: the servant is free from his master.

HOW still and peaceful is the grave;
Where, life's vain tumults past,
The appointed house, by heaven's decree
Receives us all at last.

The wicked there from troubling cease;
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

There rest the prisoners now released
From slavery's sad abode;
No more they hear the oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.

There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose;
And there in peace the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

All levelled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb;
Till God in judgment call them forth,
To meet their final doom.

289.—L.M.

And the dead in Christ shall rise first.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade these bounds: no mortal woes
Can reach the lovely sleeper here
And angels watch her soft repose.

So Jesus slept! God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed;
Rest here, fair saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Break from his throne, illustrious Morn!
Attend, O Earth! his sovereign word!
Restore thy trust, a glorious form—
She shall ascend and meet her Lord!

290.—P.M.

There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest.

BROTHER! thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown,
Where the tear is wiped away,
And the sigh of grief unknown;
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Thou hast trod the toilsome way,
  Thou hast borne the heavy load,
Christ hath taught thy languid feet
  How to reach his blest abode:
Now thou sleep'st, like Lazarus,
  Carried to his Father's breast;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
  And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
  Doubt, no more thy faith assail;
Nor thy trust in Jesus Christ,
  And the Holy Spirit fail:
There thou art sure to meet the good
  Whom on earth thou lov'dst the best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
  And the weary are at rest.

'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,'
  Now the solemn Priest hath said;
So we lay the turf above thee
  And we seal thy narrow bed;
But thy spirit, brother, soareth
  Free among the faithful blest;
Where the wicked cease from troubling
  And the weary are at rest.

When the Lord shall summon us
  Here in sadness left behind,
O may we,—as pure from evil,—
  As secure a welcome find:
Each, like thee, depart in peace,
  There to be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
  And the weary are at rest.

291.—C.M.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord!

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
  For all the pious dead,
Sweet is the savour of their names,
  And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in Jesus, and are blest;
  How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sin released,
  And freed from every snare.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
  They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
  End in a large reward.

292.—C. M.

But now is Christ risen from the dead and become the firstfruits of them that slept.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

The graves of all his saints He blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest
But with the dying Head?

Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way,
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising-day.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground!
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

293.—P.M.

The Judgment.

GREAT God! what do I see and hear,
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before!
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

294.—11.10.

But who shall abide the day of his coming?

LORD! who shall bear that day so dread, so splendid,
When we shall see thy Angel hovering o'er
This sinful world, with hand to heaven extended,
And hear him swear by Thee, that time's no more?
When earth shall feel thy fast-consuming ray,
Who, mighty God! oh who shall bear that day?

When through the world thy awful call hast sounded,
'Wake all ye Dead, to judgment wake ye Dead,'
And from the clouds by seraph eyes surrounded,
The Saviour shall put forth his radiant head;
When Earth and Heaven before Him pass away—
Who, mighty God! oh who shall bear that day?

When with a glance the Eternal Judge shall sever
Earth's evil spirits from the pure and bright,
And say to those "Depart from me for ever,"
To these "Come dwell with me in endless light!"
When each and all in silence take their way,—
Who, mighty God! oh who shall bear that day?

295.—11.12.

Come, O Lord, in thy mercy.

COME not, O Lord, in the dread robe of splendour
Thou wor'st on the Mount in the day of thine ire;
Come veiled in those shadows, deep, awful, but tender
Which mercy flings over thy features of fire.

Lord! Thou rememberest the night when thy nation
Stood fronting her foes by the red rolling stream;
O'er Egypt thy pillar shed dark desolation,
While Israel basked all the night in its beam.

So when the dread clouds of anger enfold Thee,
From us in thy mercy the dark side remove;
While shrouded in terrors the guilty behold Thee,
O turn upon us the mild light of thy love!

296.—S.M.D.

Watch therefore; for ye know not at what hour your Lord shall come.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear,
Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care
And stir us up to pray;

To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown;
When robed in majesty and power
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
The immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

To damp our earthly joys,
To increase our gracious fears,
For ever let the Archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;
The solemn midnight cry
'Ye dead, the Judge is come,
'Arise, and meet him in the sky,
'And meet your instant doom!'

O may we thus be found
  Obedient to his word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
  And looking for our Lord!
O may we thus ensure
  A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
  An everlasting rest!

297.—C.M.

He cometh to judge the earth!

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
  Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new-discovered grace demands
  A new and nobler song.

Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
  God's own Almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
  And grace surrounds his throne.

Let heaven proclaim the joyful day;
  Joy through the earth be seen:
Let cities shine in bright array,
  And fields in cheerful green.

Let an unusual joy surprise
  The islands of the sea:
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
  Prepare the Lord his way!

Behold He comes! He comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

298.—8.7.8.8.7.

Heaven all in all.

THIS world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
There's nothing true but heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume
As fading hues of Even;
And Love and Hope and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb;
There's nothing bright but heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave, we're driven,
And fancy's flash and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way:
There's nothing calm but heaven!

299.—C.M.

Let me not be ashamed of my hope.

THE world may change from old to new,
From new to old again;
Yet hope and heaven, for ever true,
Within man's heart remain.
The dreams that bless the weary soul,
The struggles of the strong,
Are steps towards some happy goal
The story of hope's song.

Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
The man to sow the seed;
Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour,
But prompts again to deed.
And ere upon the old man's dust
The grass is seen to wave,
We look through falling tears,—to trust
Hope's sunshine on the grave.

Oh no! it is no flattering lure,
No fancy weak or fond;
When hope would bid us rest secure
In better life beyond.
Nor love, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin,
Her promise may gainsay;
The voice divine hath spoke within,
And God did ne'er betray.

300.—C.M.D.

And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it.

CALL all who love Thee, Lord, to Thee!
  Thou knowest how they long
To leave these broken lays, and aid
  In heaven's unceasing song;
How they long, Lord, to go to Thee,
  And hail Thee, with their eyes,—
Thee in thy blessedness, and all
  The nations of the skies;

All who have loved Thee and done well,
  Of every age, creed, clime,
The host of saved ones from the ends
  And all the worlds of time:
The wise in matter and mind,
  The soldier, sage, and priest,
King, prophet, hero, saint, and bard,
  The greatest soul and least;

The old and young and very babe,
  The maiden and the youth,
All reborn angels of one age—
  The age of heaven and truth;
The rich, the poor, the good, the bad,
  Redeemed alike, from sin;
Lord! close the book of Time and let
  Eternity begin.

301.—L.M.

And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying.

O, WHEN the hours of life are past
And death's dark shade arrives at last,
It is not sleep, it is not rest;
'Tis glory opening to the blest!

Their way to heaven was pure from sin,
And Christ shall there receive them in:
There, each shall wear a robe of light,
Like his, divinely fair and bright.

There, parted hearts again shall meet,
In union holy, calm and sweet:
There, grief find rest; and never more
Shall sorrow call them to deplore.

There, angels will unite their prayers
With spirits bright and blest as theirs;
And light shall glance on every crown,
From suns that never more go down.

No storms shall ride the troubled air;
No voice of passion enter there;
But all be peaceful as the sigh
Of evening gales that breathe, and die.

For there the God of mercy sheds
His purest influence on their heads,
And gilds the spirits round his throne
With glory radiant as his own.

302.—C.M.

They desire a better country, that is, a heavenly.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my wèeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

303.—S.M.

The Heavenly Jerusalem.

MY thirsty soul desires her drought
At heavenly fountains to refresh,
My prisoned mind would fain be out
Of chains and fetters of the flesh.

From banishment she more and more
  Desires to see her country dear;
She sits and sends her sighs before—
  Her joys and treasures all be there.

From Babylon she would return
  Unto her home and town of peace
Jerusalem, where joys abound,
  Continue still and never cease.

The glorious saints her dwellers be
  In number more than men can think;
So many in a company
  As love in likeness doth them link.

With cherubim their wings they move
  And mount in contemplation high;
With seraphim they burn in love:
  The beams of glory be so nigh.

O sweet aspect! vision of peace!
  Happy regard and glorious sight!
O endless joy without surcease!
  Perpetual day which hath no night!

304.—C.M.

He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

FATHER, I long, I faint to see
  The place of thine abode;
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
  Up to thy seat, my God!

Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

I'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon thy throne:
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence
Unspeakable, unknown.

(There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move:
And drink immortal vigour in,
With wonder and with love.

Then at thy feet with awful fear
The adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before the eternal 'All.'

There would I vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss;
While 'less than nothing' I could boast
And 'vanity confess.')

The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

305.—C.M.

The Cloud of Witnesses.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came;
They with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

They marked the footsteps that He trod,
(His zeal inspired their breast,)
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses,
Show the same path to Heaven.

306.—7.6.

A better country, that is, an heavenly.

MY soul, there is a country
Far, far beyond the stars:
Where stands a winged sentry
All skilful in the wars.

There above noise and danger,
  Sweet peace sits, crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
  Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious friend,
  And O! my soul! awake—
Did in pure love descend,
  To die here for thy sake:—

If thou canst get but thither,
  There grows the flower of peace:
The rose that cannot wither,
  Thy fortress and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges,
  For none can thee secure
But one who never changes,—
  Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

307.—C.M.

A prospect of heaven makes death easy.

THERE is a land of pure delight
  Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
  And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
  And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
  This heavenly land from ours.

[Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.]

O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

308.—P.M.

The Beatific Vision.

IT is no flaming lustre, made of light,
No sweet concert, nor well timed harmony,
Ambrosia, for to feast the appetite,
Of flowery odour mixt with spicery,
No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily,
And yet it is a kind of inward feast,
A harmony that sounds within the breast,
An odour, light, embrace, in which the soul doth rest.

A heavenly feast no hunger can consume;
A light unseen, yet shines in every place;
A sound no time can steal, a sweet perfume
No winds can scatter; an entire embrace
That no satiety can e'er unlace;
Ingraced into so high a favour there
The saints with all their peers, whole worlds outwear,
And things unseen do see, and things unheard do hear.

309.—C.M.

Heaven, Our Holy Land.

THE Happy Fields, the Heavenly Host,
The Realm of rest above,
Do make us gladsome, Lord, but most
The Holy Land we love.

O bright those Golden Gates must shine
That let no evil in!
That boundless region how divine
That hath no room for sin!

Sweet Holy Land! sweet with the throng
Of souls divinely pure;
Where holy happy ones among
Thy pilgrims smile secure!

No more to weep o'er lustre lent.
O'er grace out poured in vain;
No more in anguish to repent,
And then offend again:

But gloriously to spend that grace
They boundlessly receive,
Nor once Thine image to doface,
Nor once Thy spirit grieve.

O here Thy servants soon give o'er,
But half thy word fulfil;
How faint their zeal—their strife how sore
To work the Eternal will!

But there upon thine errands sweet
How holy-swift they run!
What smiling service! how complete
The work divinely done!

No Tempter there our souls shall stop
Upon the sacred road,
Nor win our weak desires to drop
From glory and from God!

But angels kind their raptures blend
As our rapt souls aspire,
Our wingèd zeal their wings they lend,
Our burning love their fire.

Still, Lord, with Sorrow and with Sin
Wars here Thy Pilgrim band;
Yet blest the warfare that shall win
Thy Heaven, our Holy Land!

GOD AND HIS PRAISE.

310.—C.M.

Sing his praise in the congregation of saints.

LET all the just to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

By his almighty word at first
The heavenly arch was reared;
And all the beauteous worlds of light
At his command appeared.

Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
Shall stand for ever sure:
The settled purpose of his heart
To ages shall endure.

How happy, then, are they to whom
The Lord our God is known;
Whom He, from all the world besides,
Has chosen for his own!

The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On Thee alone depend.

311.—C.M.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our Salvation.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing,
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem;
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compared with Him.

Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before his face:
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

Now is the time: He bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest He rouse his wrath and swear
'Ye shall not see my rest.'

312.—P.M.

Bless the Lord, all his works.

LET all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.

Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

The church with psalms must shout
No door can keep them out:
But above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.

Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

313.—C.M.

All Thy works shall praise Thee O Lord, and Thy saints shall bless Thee.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky embracing all
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

The Moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run,
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns his holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around his seat,
Perform their courses still.

The saints above are stars in Heaven—
What are the saints on earth?
Like trees they stand whom God has given,
Our Eden's happy birth.

Faith is their fixed unswerving root,
Hope their unfading flower,
Fair deeds of charity their fruit,
The glory of their bower.

The dew of Heaven is like thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

One Name above all glorious names
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display:
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only Sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

314.—8.7.4.

Hallelujah.

HALLELUJAH! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above!
Hallelujah! thou repeatest,
Angel-host, those notes of love:
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.

Hallelujah! church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky!
Hallelujah! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high!
We poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.

Hallelujah! strains of gladness
Suit not souls with anguish torn;
Hallelujah! sounds of sadness
Best become our state forlorn:
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.

But our earnest supplication,
Holy God! we raise to thee:
Visit us with thy salvation,
Make us all thy face to see!
Hallelujah!
Ours at length this strain shall be.

315.—6.8s.

Thou hast beset me behind and before.

O LORD! in me there lieth nought
  But to thy search revealed lies:
For when I sit, Thou markest it,
  No less, Thou notest when I rise;
Yea, closest closet of my thought
  Hath open windows to thine eyes.

Thou walkest with me when I walk;
  When to my bed for rest I go
I find Thee there and everywhere;
  Not youngest thought in me doth grow,
No, not one word I cast to talk
  But yet unuttered Thou dost know.

If forth I march, Thou goest before,
  If back I turn, Thou com'st behind;
So forth nor back, thy guard I lack:
  Nay, on me too thy hand I find.
Well I thy wisdom may adore
  But never reach with earthy mind.

To shun thy notice, flee thine eye,
  O! whither might I take my way?
To starry sphere? thy throne is there!
  To dead men's undelightsome day?
There is thy walk, and there to lie
  Unknown, in vain I should assay.

O Sun! whom light nor flight can match,
  Suppose, thy lightful flightful wings
Thou lend to me, and I could flee
  As far as thee the evening brings?
Even led to west He would me catch
  Nor should I lurk with western things!

Do thou thy best, O secret night,
  In sable veil to cover me;
Thy sable veil shall vainly fail;
  With day unmasked my night shall be!
For night is day, and darkness light
  O Father of all lights, to Thee!

316.—L.M.

All nations before Him are as nothing.

YE weak inhabitants of clay
Ye trifling insects of a day,
Low in your native dust bow down
Before the Eternal's awful throne.

With trembling heart, with solemn eye,
Behold Jehovah seated high;
And search, what worthy sacrifice
Your hands can give, your thoughts devise.

Let Lebanon her cedars bring
To blaze before the Sovereign King,
And all the beasts that on it feed
As victims at his altar bleed.

Loud let ten thousand trumpets sound
And call remotest nations round,
Assembled on the crowded plains
Princes and people, kings and swains;—

Joined with the living let the dead
Rising the face of earth o'erspread,
And while his praise unites their tongues,
Let angels echo back the songs!

The drop that from the bucket falls,
The dust that hangs upon the scales,
Is more to sky and earth and sea,
Than all this pomp, O God, to Thee.

317.—L.M.

Who can by searching find out God?

CAN creatures to perfection find
The Eternal, Uncreated Mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?

'Tis high as heaven,—'tis deep as hell,
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky
And all the shining worlds on high.

But man, vain man would fain be wise,
Born like a wild young colt, he flies
Through all the follies of his mind,
And smells and snuffs the empty wind.

God is a King of power unknown;
Firm are the orders of his throne,
If He resolves, who dares oppose,
Or ask him why or what He does?

He wounds the heart, and He makes whole;
He calms the tempest of the soul;
When He shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of Heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

He gave the vaulted Heaven its form,
The crooked serpent and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death,

These are a portion of his ways;
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who shall endure his light and stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

318.—C.M.

I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious.

WHEN the Eternal bows the skies
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine He turns his eyes,
From towers of haughty kings;

Rides on a cloud disdainful by
A Sultan or a Czar,
Laughs at the worms that rise so high,
Or frowns them from afar.

He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the skies,
To visit every humble soul
With pleasure in his eyes.

Why should the Lord that reigns above
Disdain so lofty kings?
Say, Lord; and why such looks of love
Upon such worthless things?

Mortals be dumb! what creature dares
Dispute his awful will?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble and be still.

Just like his nature is his grace,
All sovereign and all free,
Great God, how searchless are thy ways!
How deep thy judgments be!

319.—L.M.

I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.

THUS saith the high and lofty One
'I sit upon my holy throne;
My name is God: I dwell on high,
Dwell in my own eternity.

'But I descend to worlds below,
On earth I have a mansion too;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.

'The humble soul my words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live,
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.

320.—C.M.

Great is our Lord, and of great power; his understanding is infinite.

THY Names, how infinite they be,
Great Everlasting One!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfined thy throne.

Thy glories shine of wondrous size,
And wondrous large thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes
And Gabriel veils his face.

Thine essence is a vast abyss
Which angels cannot sound
An ocean of infinities
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

The mysteries of creation lie
Beneath enlightened minds;
Thoughts can ascend above the sky
And fly before the winds;

Reason can grasp the solid hills
And stretch from pole to pole,
But half thy name our spirit fills
And overloads our soul.

In vain our haughty Reason swells,
For nothing's found in Thee
But boundless unconceivables
And vast Eternity!

321.—L.M.

"O God most hidden and most manifest."

St. Augustine.

O HEIGHT that doth all height excel,
Where the Almighty doth abide!
O awful depth unsearchable,
Wherein the Eternal One doth hide!

O dreadful glory that doth make
Thick darkness round the Heavenly Throne.
Through which no angel eye may break,
Wherein the Lord doth dwell alone!

Our fainting souls the quest give o'er,
Their weary wings no longer try;
His dwelling we may not explore,
We may not on His glory pry.

What secret place, what distant star,
Is like, dread Lord, to thine abode?
Why dwellest Thou from us so far?
We yearn for Thee, Thou Hidden God!

Vain searchers! but we need not mourn,
We need not stretch our weary wings;
Thou meetest us, where'er we turn,
Thou beamest, Lord, from all bright things.

The glory no man may abide
Doth visit us, a gracious guest,
Thou, whom 'excess of light' doth hide
Here shinest sweetly manifest.

But sweetest, Lord, dost Thou appear
In the dear Saviour's smiling face;
The Heavenly Majesty draws near
And offers us its soft embrace.

To us, vain searchers after God,
To us the Holy Ghost doth come:
From us Thou hidest thine abode,
But Thou wilt make our souls thy home.

O Glory that no eye may bear!—
O Presence Bright, our souls' sweet Guest!
O farthest off, O ever near!
Most Hidden and most Manifest!

322.—C.M.

This glorious and fearful name, THE LORD THY GOD.

WHO dares attempt the Eternal Name
With notes of mortal sound?
Dangers and glory guard the theme
And spread despair around.

Destruction waits to obey his frown,
And Heaven attends his smile,
A wreath of lightning arms his crown,
But love adorns it still.

Celestial King, our spirits lie
Trembling beneath thy feet,
And wish, and cast a longing eye
To reach thy lofty seat.

When shall we see the Great Unknown,
And in thy presence stand?
Reveal the splendours of thy throne
But shield us with thy hand.

In Thee what endless wonders meet!
What various glory shines!
The crossing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds.

Angels are lost in sweet surprise
If Thou unveil thy grace;
And humble awe runs through the skies
When wrath arrays thy face.

When mercy joins with majesty
To spread their beams abroad,
Not all the fairest minds on high
Are shadows of a God.

Thy works the strongest Seraph sings
In a too feeble strain,
And labours hard on all his strings
To reach thy thoughts in vain.

Created Powers, how weak they be!
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* *Translated by T. H. Gill.*

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* *Translated by T. H. Gill.* † *Translated by Wordsworth*

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ERRATA.

Hymn 20 Verse 2 Line 3, *for* praises *read* promise.

Hymn 23 Verse 2 Line 7, *for* secure *read* serene.

Hymn 34 Verse 1 Line 7, *for* song *read* sing.

Hymn 113 Verse 2 Line 1, *for* faithless *read* friendless.

Hymn 119 Verse 7 Line 3, *for* O *read* A.

Hymn 125 Verse 5 Line 4, *for* With healing from above *read* Our peace-branch from above.

Hymn 136 Verse 2 Line 6, *for* more bright *read* of light.

Hymn 171 Verse 2 Line 1, *for* aim *read* am.

Hymn 173 Verse 10 Line 1, *for* yet *read* yes.

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